

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 968.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1916.

Price 5 Cents.

JACK WRIGHT THE BOY INVENTOR.

EXPLORING CENTRAL ASIA IN HIS MAGNETIC HURRICANE.

By "NONAME"
AND OTHER STORIES



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—OR—

EXPLORING CENTRAL ASIA IN HIS MAGNETIC HURRICANE

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CHAPTER I.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

The fisher village of Wrightstown was a beautiful settlement built at the head of a small bay on the Atlantic seaboard, and had been named after a man called Bill Wright.

He had been a man-of-war's man in the United States Navy, and retiring from a sea-faring life devoted his time and inventive talent to the construction of submarine boats.

Before realizing his project he died, leaving his motherless son, Jack, to carry out his ideas; and the boy, having inherited his father's talent for inventing, constructed a number of contrivances for navigating the water, the air, and for locomotion over the earth.

It was by use of these marvels, propelled by electricity, magnetism, steam and various other great forces, that the boy became very rich by wresting fabulous treasures from land and sea, buried in places that could not have been reached without just such inventions as he used.

The boy resided in a magnificent mansion on the suburbs of the village, handsome gardens surrounding the dwelling, the beautiful lawns extending back to a terraced creek, which ran in from the bay.

Upon the shore of this stream he had built a huge brick workshop in the form of a cross, in which he evolved his various inventions, assisted by two traveling companions named Timothy Topstay and Fritz Schneider, who had accompanied him on all his trips.

The former was an old sailor with a wooden leg and a glass eye, a sandy beard and a vocabulary filled with the choicest seaman lingo and the biggest lies about his own exploits that ever were invented.

Tim had been a marine and messmate of Jack's father. He lived at the boy's house, having no relations; he was a fine navigator, and by nature was a fearless fellow whose only fault was rum and tobacco.

Fritz was totally unlike his ancient friend, for which Tim was tall and lean the Dutch boy was short and fat, with a round, chubby face, blue eyes, yellow hair, and a fiery, pugnacious disposition.

His strong hold was electricity, of which he was an expert; cooking, at which no one could beat him, and playing on the accordion worse than any one in the world, by which he won Tim's supreme disgust.

Jack Wright had brave, devoted and loyal friends in these two individuals, and they had both become wealthy by it in the course of their adventures in his company.

At the time our story begins, a warm, pleasant day in May had come to a close, and the young inventor, who was then less than twenty years of age, was out in the workshop inspecting one of his strange contrivances, upon which he had been making some improvements that recently suggested themselves to his mind.

He was an athletic fellow, clad in a dark suit, and wearing a derby hat, his hair and eyes were very dark, his features somewhat aquiline, and his disposition as even as clockwork.

The department in which he stood was a vast room, pierced by numerous windows and doors, lighted by myriads of in-

candescent electric globes, and the surrounding benches, floor and tables were strewn with various kinds of tools, with which he had been working.

In the center of the room stood his magnetic motor, the Hurricane, a machine somewhat resembling a locomotive in outline, though it was materially different in every respect.

At the rear was a bullet-proof, woven wire compartment, with steps and a door at the end, and three screened circular windows on each side, in which were stored arms, ammunition, tools, and numerous things necessary to an extended trip.

Next to it came a cook's galley, thoroughly equipped in every detail; forward of that there was a small stateroom containing six berths, and on top of these rooms was a walking beam, worked by electro-magnetic force by the machinery stored beneath the floor.

Four upright posts on either side of the walking beam were arranged with gyrating cross rods, at the end of which were armatured horseshoe magnets, working in the oscillating manner, to add speed to the main magnet.

Both central rooms were furnished with a railed platform outside from which steps led to the ground and others to the roofs.

These platforms led by doors into the forward turret, in which stood a horizontal wheel for steering the light, broad, cogged wheels forward.

A pneumatic gun projected from it, over a cowcatcher in front, the windows were furnished with sliding shutters, the walls were adorned by gauges, indicators, and all kinds of meteorological instruments; in front of the wheel stood a binnacle and compass, and upon it there was a board covered with levers for controlling the mechanism.

Over the pilot house were a number of circular lenses, by which a camera obscura was made to show the surrounding scene upon a white painted table in the turret, and on top of the railed roof stood a searchlight of 50,000 candle power.

The Hurricane was peculiar on the outside in every respect, but her machinery was stranger still underneath.

Jack Wright had made a wonderful discovery in regard to electromagnetism, powerful machines to run by which had frequently been made to supplant the steam engine, and hitherto had proved to be utter failures.

The manner of making the machine was in this wise:

A huge bar of soft iron, shaped like a horseshoe, rested under the flooring with an insulated wire coiled around its extremities, which was connected with a permanent series of battery jars, hermetically sealed at the top.

In front of the extremities of the horseshoe magnet was an armature in the form of a flat piece of steel, hinged and springed to fly back every time a current of electricity flowed into the magnet, attracting it.

The armature swayed back and forth in this manner, oscillating faster the more electricity was put on, and being fastened to the eccentrics of the driving wheels by making and breaking the current automatically, the power was generated.

The action of the magnet having started the rest of the machinery, it worked exactly like a locomotive, the only difference being that the Hurricane used a walking beam to

turn the wheels, and dispensed with forward piston-rods and steam boxes, valves, and other steam apparatus.

The magnets on the roof being joined to the shaft of the walking beam by cogged wheels as soon as their insulation was broken by turning a lever they spun around and increased the speed of the motor.

From end to end the Hurricane was made of insulated aluminum, a metal lighter and stronger than steel, for had it been built of a material that could have been magnetized the machinery would not operate.

The boy had used the motor some time before, and found that it not only worked properly, but, being strongly built, withstood a battering like a volley of artillery, and showed no marks from rifle bullets.

"Since putting her in repair she looks like a new machine," he muttered, eyeing her with pardonable pride. "I only regret that I have no use for it now, for once a fellow gets used to exciting adventures, such as I have been having since I began to invent these contrivances, an ordinary humdrum existence becomes so tame that life is almost unbearable here."

"Jack, ahoy! Jack, ahoy!" came a hail just then from out in the garden, in a cheery, bluff voice. "Whar are ye, lad? Whar are ye?"

"In the motor shop," replied the boy, opening the garden door.

"Waal, blow me fer a blind lubber! I've been a-tackin' ter all p'int's o' ther compass on lookout fer ye," replied Tim, the old sailor, stumping in on his wooden leg, "an' here's a letter as I jest took out o' ther mail locker wot may be important fer yer, lad."

He handed the letter to Jack and stepped back, when in through the open door flew a large green parrot, named Bismarck, which Fritz had found in Africa and educated in various branches, among which was a violent hatred of the old sailor.

The bird landed on top of Tim, knocked his hat off, and fastened its talons and beak upon his bald head, meantime yelling:

"Murder! Cuss you! Save me, you son-of-a-gun!"

The bird landed on top of Tim, hopping up and down with pain and rage. "Le' go o' my figger head, yer bottle-nosed pirate! Oh, ouch—belay thar, I tell ye, or ye'll have my scalp raked fore an' aft!"

The cause of Bismarck's alarm became apparent in the form of a little, red, howling monkey, the pet of Tim, named Whiskers, which the ancient mariner had found where Fritz got his bird.

Whiskers and Bismarck were deadly enemies. The monkey came flying in after Bismarck like a kangaroo, and with one bounce landed on Tim's shoulders, uttered a chattering howl, and punched the bird plumb in the eye.

Knocked from its perch, Bismarck fell to the floor, when down upon it leaped Whiskers, and a scrap ensued between them on the spot, Tim cheering the monkey on, and the bird getting the worst of it.

In the midst of the fight Fritz came waddling in, puffing for breath, in pursuit of the animals which he had started fighting in the house; but when he saw his pet getting the worst of it he roared:

"Shiminey Christmas! Got oudt of dot, Whitskers! Leaf dot barrots alone by hisself alretty, you ratseal, or I proke me your liver mit a gick."

He seized the monkey by the tail, when Tim roared:

"Luff up thar, blast yer timbers. Don't touch Whiskers, d'yer hear?"

"I vhas knock him google-eyed mit a glub," sputtered Fritz, tugging away.

"Then yer'll have ter run afoul o' me," declared Tim, threateningly.

"Vot! Do yer wanter fight?" bellowed the Dutch boy, doubling up his fists.

"I won't allow no Dutch slob like you to touch my pet."

"Und I t'ink so, neider!" roared Fritz, dancing around him.

The monkey and parrot now fled out the door, and it looked as if there was going to be a fight between their owners, when a cry from Jack, who had read the letter, attracted their attention.

"By Jove, boys!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Stop quarreling. Just listen to what his letter says. I never was more surprised in my life."

Hostilities ceased between his friends at once, and they looked inquiringly at the boy.

CHAPTER II.

OFF FOR SEA.

Upon seeing that his two friends were distracted from their quarrel, the boy inventor faced them smilingly, and said in a happy tone:

"How would you both like to go on a trip in the Hurricane with me?"

"Bless yer heart, I'd sooner do that than git me reg'lar allowance o' grog," said Tim.

"Vot! Haf yer vhas got de chance to go off mit it?" queried Fritz, smilingly.

"Yes, indeed. Just listen and I'll read you this letter."

The Dutch boy and the old sailor nodded, and Jack began:

"New York, May 15, 19—.

"Mr. Jack Wright:—At the last meeting of Congress an appropriation was made to pay for an exploration of Central Asia, with a view to opening up American trade and exports between this country, Cashmere, Little Thibet and Turkestan.

"Besides these interests, which were put in the hands of the American Geographical Society, the united associations of the world have various other interests in the exploration of these countries, such as botanical, zoological, and other researches which could be made there by a proficient person.

"In consequence of the dangers arising from the difficulty of penetrating the almost unknown region embraced within the tremendous mountain chains forming three sides of a square, shutting Central Asia from intercourse with the world, the project of exploring it was abandoned, as no one could be found to venture it.

"Having heard, however, that you are the inventor of a magnetic motor, and all requisites for such a journey, I have been asked to lay the matter with the U. S. Survey, and the explorations in the interests of the societies I represent, before you for consideration.

"If you will undertake such a journey, by replying to this letter, a volunteer representative from this society will call upon you with all details and complete final arrangements.

"Yours very truly,

"ROGER RUXTON, Sec'y."

A silence of a few moments followed Jack's reading of the letter, and then the boy said:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I reckon as we'd better go," replied Tim.

"Yah, but where vhas dot coundry?" asked Fritz.

"From what I've heard about it," replied Jack. "it is a wild, strange, tableland, nestling among mountains, surrounded by India, Afghanistan, Bokhara, Turkestan, Siberia and China. Very few men have ever penetrated that region but it is said to resemble an immense bay, open to the eastward. A desert, thirty days' journey in width, lies to the eastward at its mouth, dividing it from China. In this desert all the rivers of Turkestan are swallowed up, ending in marshes and lakes, and gradually disappear under the sand in the broad jungles. No forests deck the mountain slopes, no green refreshes the eye on the naked gravel and stone of the plains, but beyond it rich fields of vegetation grow in tropical abundance."

"Und the beobles?" queried Fritz, anxiously.

"Nomadic Tartars, Kalmuka, Kirghizes sweep the borders, while an unknown race in the interior keep up their ancient customs which they have had many centuries. There are travelers, but few, who have seen strange ruins there of cities, grand temples, mighty pillars and columns, and in the midst of the strange, weird scene roams the fiercest of beasts, the most dreadful of birds and reptiles unheard of here."

"Lor' save yer," said Tim, "that's jist ther country for me. If we wuz ter go thar wi' ther Hurricane what fear need we have o' danger in any shape, lad?"

"For sure," added Fritz.

"Shall I accept this offer?"

They both eagerly assented, and Jack made up his mind to go, for such a trip as that was bound to afford them no end of adventure, instruction and profit.

He went into the house, and entering his library wrote a reply in which he offered to undertake the task.

A trip of such magnitude required considerable preparation, and on the following day Jack and his friends began to pack up all essential articles.

Another day was expended at taking the portable motor

apart, and stowing it and its contents away in a number of big cases for shipment.

On the third day the boy and his friends gathered in the library, which was well stocked with books, maps, charts, globes and instruments, and they studied out their course, read all the information they could get about the place and those of its known inhabitants, and by supper time were familiar with what they might expect to encounter.

Hardly a thing now remained to be done except to ship their effects to Asia, await the representative of the geographical society and make a start on their long journey. An excellent repast was served up to them in the handsome dining room, and they had just begun supper when a ring came at the door-bell, and a servant answered it.

Presently a strange step sounded in the hall, and the caller walked right in without the polite ceremony of knocking, and cried cheerily:

"Jack, dear boy—Tim, Fritz, my Christian friends, glad to see you."

"By Jove, it's Peleg Hopkins!" ejaculated Jack, in surprise, as he sprang up from the table and warmly grasped the hand of his caller.

Tim and Fritz greeted the stranger most cordially, for he was a New Yorker—a professor—who had accompanied them on several voyages.

Hopkins was a man of over forty-five—tall, thin, and smooth-shaven, with a long, red nose, watery eyes and a high, intellectual forehead.

He parted his hair stiffly out in the back, and wore a clerical suit of black and a high silk hat, carried a carpet bag and an umbrella, and was a man of great knowledge, having traveled a good deal, learned a good deal, and spent a good deal of his time as an antiquarian fossil-gatherer.

A smile of delight hovered over his face when he saw how much he had surprised his friends, and he chuckled.

"'Pon my word, it does me good to meet you again, boys."

"'Ve didn't vhas been lookin' for you alretty, berfesser," said Fritz.

"No, I suppose not, dear boy; I presume not."

"Fer ther Lord's sake, sir, what gale o' wind blowed yer inter this port?" asked Tim.

"Why, is it possible you don't know?" asked Hopkins in surprise.

"No," replied Jack. "Sit down and have some supper with us. You came here just in time to see us go away. We are bound for Asia, professor."

"Indeed! And so am I, my good friend," said Hopkins, seating himself at the table.

"What! Do you mean to say you will join our party?" eagerly asked Jack.

"Why, bless me, of course I will—that's why I'm here," laughed Hopkins, as the waitress served him. "You see, I am a member of the American Geographical Society, and it was I who put them up to send you off on this trip to Central Asia, you know. Moreover, I'm their representative, and having all the details of the matter to arrange with you, I am going to accompany you on the trip for them—do you see?"

The three friends were amazed at this intelligence, as well as delighted, and as their knives, forks and dishes began to clatter with the progress of their meal, they rapidly went over the plan that was mapped out, and by the end of the supper everything was arranged.

All the rest of the evening was spent at discussing their project, and before the professor retired to the suite of apartments assigned to him, he said to Jack:

"The best course for us to follow, my boy, will be to cross the continent to San Francisco, and from there go over the Pacific Ocean by steamer to Calcutta, India. English railways extend from there to the Upper Indus, and the Russians have a line from Oxenburgh, on the Ural River, across the steppes into Turkestan."

"I have heard that they intend to run a line from St. Petersburg to the Oxus and the northern base of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains," said Jack.

"The line isn't finished yet," replied Hopkins.

"Have you any preparations to make?"

"None. I am without a family, in fact, an old bachelor, you know. My trunk is at the railroad depot, and I'm ready to start any time."

"We are ready, too," said Jack, "so we will leave to-morrow noon."

With this understanding they separated for the night.

Bright and early next morning they were up, and trucks were summoned to carry the freight and baggage to the de-

pot, and leaving his house and workshop in trustworthy care, Jack and his friends left Wrightstown on the mid-day train, taking Bismarck and Whiskers.

Arriving in San Francisco in due course of time, they secured passage on a steamer bound for India, and without accident reached Calcutta, where the English railway was taken, and they were carried to Skardo at the fork of the Indus, in Little Thibet.

They were unable to proceed any further by rail, and as there was an American consul in the city, they went to him armed with papers demanding his protection and assistance.

He furnished them with a guide, who professed to know all about the interior, and was of material assistance to our friends in various ways.

The motor cases were then carted over the river to a good position between the main stream and its tributary, and here it was put together with great care.

Within two days everything was in readiness for the start, and the four adventurers got aboard of the Hurricane with the dark-skinned guide, who spoke excellent French, and with a level plain ahead of them, Jack started the machine by turning one of the levers which put the electric battery in operation, and uninsulated the armature.

As lightly and easily as a carriage the motor rolled away, her walking beam moving up and down, the machinery noiselessly working, and the broad, cogged wheels going over slight obstructions with extreme ease.

Jack stood at the wheel in the pilot house, with the dusky Yakoob at his side; Fritz went inside to inspect the machinery; Tim was up on top of the turret on lookout with his glass, and Hopkins was back in the wire cage putting everything in readiness for use.

The guide did not have much to say, but his keen, dark eyes took in everything upon the motor with a sly, covetous look, and he muttered grimly:

"This machine and its contents are worth more than the salary you will pay me, and I warrant that it will soon be mine or you all will perish!"

CHAPTER III.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The Kirghiz man wore a beard, a skull cap, a long tunic with a belt around the waist, and high boots, and was as dirty, sly, and thievish as most of the natives were around Skardo.

Jack felt an instinctive distrust of him as soon as he saw him, but as he had no choice of guides he had to pocket his prejudice and accept the man, with a secret resolve to keep him closely watched.

"You are familiar with all of this country, are you?" he asked in French, as he could speak several foreign languages.

"Every mile from here to China," assured Yakoob, readily.

"It is my wish to go on to Ladak, and then turn north to the Kuenlun Mountains, which I mean to follow to Thsian Hail."

"Good! You could be in no better hands than mine."

The monitor ran extremely well, and Jack tested her speed up to fifty miles an hour over smooth ground, stopped her with the air-brakes in four feet, sent her around in circles, and backed her with ease.

Assured thus that the Hurricane was bound to work well, he kept her going ahead until late in the afternoon, when he observed that his guide was acting in the most peculiar manner.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked the man.

"I am afraid I have lost my way," replied Yakoob, uneasily.

Jack gave a start of surprise and darted a keen look at the man, when he discovered a sinister expression upon his face, and a cunning twinkle in his black eyes, which showed that he was up to mischief.

"Do you mean to say you are lost, after all your assurances of being perfectly familiar with this country?" he asked sternly.

"I am," reluctantly replied the Kirghiz, feigning the deepest regret.

"You lie!" exclaimed the boy, seeing through the deception.

"No—I speak the truth," retorted the man. "But look yonder and you will see a settlement. Steer the machine

toward it and I will inquire of the people there how to proceed."

Without suspecting the treacherous design of the man, Jack complied, and the Hurricane soon drew near the settlement.

It was a miserable place, bearing the impress of once having been a thriving town, the largest number of the houses being in ruins, while those that stood were separate, with small gardens between them.

They had gable ends, with sloping roofs of wood, large sheets of birch bark were laid over the rafters, spread over by a layer of earth, in which flowers were planted; the walls were of brick, sun dried, and secured in a frame of wood, as a prevention against the effect of earthquake.

The windows were rectangular, exquisitely finished trellis work, displaying a variety of Moorish patterns, usurping the place of window frames, and thin paper did duty for glass, while the smoke escaped by holes in the roofs.

The almost black native men, some scarcely clothed, were sitting around, some sleeping and some cooking and eating; the women were spinning, knitting and kneading, or braiding and combing their black, oily hair.

A few children were amusing themselves groveling in the dust with dogs and poultry; carcasses of horses and cows lay around, being devoured by vultures, and a troop of monkeys were chattering in some adjacent trees.

Jack observed that some of the men were gorgeously dressed in red and yellow shawls and silks, and were armed with spears, swords, shields, matchlocks and bell-mouthed blunderbusses.

Pious followers of Mahomet were bending and bowing to evening prayers. Brahmins, distinguished by the strings which are a sign of their caste, performed their ablutions. Hindoo fakirs, with bodies plastered over with mud, were grouped together with wild and ferocious expressions, rendered more sinister by eating hasheesh and opium, and the whole settlement had a most forbidding appearance.

Jack shouted to his friends, for he distrusted the ugly looks of things in this place most cordially.

They all came into the pilot-house.

"You had better arm yourselves, boys," said he in English. "This fellow claims to have lost his way, and has brought us here to get some information."

They all went back into the wire cage to obey.

Attracted by the sight of the singular-looking machine, the natives came swarming out of the settlement up toward the motor, and Jack brought it to a pause just beyond the town.

Yakoob went out of the pilot-house upon the platform as the crowd came up, and addressed them in their own language.

"This machine," said he, "is about to invade the interior of this country to give the foreign nations access, when our people will be driven out. I have lured the white men here to put them in your power. The contents of the machine offer a rich booty. There are only two men and two boys here to contend against. With one assault you can gain control of them. All I ask is an equal share of the spoils."

A murmur arose among the swarthy fellows, and while expressions of lowering rage and deep cupidity overspread the faces of the crowd, they brandished their weapons, and approved of the Kirghiz's plan.

Yakoob saw with satisfaction that the men were enlisted in the enterprise, and passed into the turret again.

To his surprise, he saw that Jack and his friends had donned suits of metal resembling armor or ancient knights during his absence, and that every one of them save the boy was armed with pneumatic magazine rifles.

Tim and Fritz had each selected a platform outside of the motor, and took up their stations there, while Hopkins had gone back in the wire cage.

"Well, did you get any information of them, Yakoob?" asked Jack.

"Plenty," significantly replied the man, with a sardonic grin.

"And what did they say?"

"That you must surrender or die!" replied Yakoob.

He produced a revolver from beneath his tunic, cocked it, and aiming at the boy's head, he added, so the rest heard him:

"If you or your friends move I shall blow your brains out!"

"Treachery!" exclaimed Jack, thrilled through and through.

"What's the matter?" yelled Hopkins, who was not very courageous.

"We have been lured into a trap. Defend yourselves."

As Jack uttered this alarm, he turned a thumb-screw on the breast-plate of his armor and a powerful electric battery was put in operation in a metal knapsack upon his back, filling the armor with a strong current which he did not feel, as the suit was lined with rubber.

The next instant he seized Yakoob with his metal-gloved hand, and a shock passed through the rascal which caused him to yell, drop his weapon and fall twitching and squirming upon his knees.

With his disengaged hand the boy started the motor, retaining his grip on the man.

At the same moment the crowd made a rush for the Hurricane, yelling like savages, and brandishing their weapons.

There was a horde of over a hundred, and they surrounded the machine upon all sides, clambered upon her, and plainly evinced by all their actions that they would make short work of our friends once they got at them.

"Fire!" shouted Jack, ringingly.

The weapons in the hands of his friends made no reports, but the bullets were filled with a high explosive of Jack's invention, called horrorite, and burst like bombs when they struck their mark.

Finding that the yelling guide hampered his movements, the boy raised him up with both hands and hurled him through the open window among his friends.

The Hurricane rushed ahead among the natives like a locomotive, the cowcatcher striking many and knocking them right and left.

Showers of spears now shot toward the motor from the hands of the screaming natives; the ones armed with swords savagely attacked Tim and Fritz, the shields were held up by those who saw that they were aimed at. The blunderbusses and matchlocks roared like artillery, kicking down their firers, and the heavy charges rattled like hail against the metal motor without penetrating.

The tremendous reports of the explosive balls added to the frightful din, and although many a shot struck our friends, they did no injury, as their metal suits were bullet-proof.

As soon as the machinery started on the Hurricane a most singular thing was observed; the tremendous attractive power of the magnets tore every steel weapon from the hands of those nearest the motor who held them loosely, and with a whiz they flew through the air and adhered, with sharp clicks, to the great horseshoe underneath.

Indeed, every one felt the influence of the attractive magnet while wielding the weapons they retained, as it kept tugging and pulling the steels toward it with great force.

Upon finding that they were making a special target of him, Jack closed the shutters over the windows and increased speed.

Tim and Fritz were hard pressed, the natives running after the motor, many of them having gained a foothold upon it.

They fought like tigers, and drove the natives back, however, while the professor, encaged at the end of the motor, kept up an incessant fire through the loopholes in the windows.

On through the yelling crowd rolled the motor, the brave defenders fighting valiantly and leaving many of their enemies wounded and dead, and they might have escaped had not a most serious accident suddenly happened.

In the sudden excitement of the moment, Jack did not observe a deep ditch ahead of the Hurricane, by which the ground was irrigated.

The front wheels of the motor struck it, shot in, there came a fearful shock as they jammed against the other side, and, with a terrible crash, the machine was tripped up and fell over.

The Hurricane struck upon its side.

Tim and Fritz had gone inside just a moment previously, and all the inmates were slammed down, stunned and bruised, the wheels buzzing around in the air and the crowd rushed up.

Surrounding the overturned motor, they climbed upon her from all sides and made an effort to get in at Jack and his friends with their weapons, for the injuries they received had half-maddened them.

CHAPTER IV.

A BATTLE WITH BIRDS.

It was several moments after the Hurricane was tripped and thrown upon its side, by the ditch, before Jack and his friends recovered from the stunning shock to which they had been subjected.

When they did revive they heard their enemies pounding at the motor to get inside; but fortunately all the windows and doors were secured and they were unable to do so. The buzzing of the revolving wheels caused Jack to spring to the lever-board and shut off power, whereupon they stopped; and then glancing around the boy saw that everything which had not been fastened was tumbled in a confused mass upon the side of the turret.

Had the glasswork not been strong it would have been shattered, but a great many things were smashed to pieces.

In the midst of his inspection, Jack saw Tim, Fritz and Hopkins come crawling through the door into the turret, asking what the matter was.

"She struck a ditch," replied Jack, pantingly.

"Kin any o' them lubbers git in?" queried Tim, anxiously.

"Not very well," the boy answered, in confident tones.

"Och! How ve vhas got her by der legs vonct, alretty?" groaned Fritz.

"I'm afraid we can't straighten the motor again, dear boy," wailed Hopkins.

"Not while those fellows are surrounding her outside," replied Jack.

"Blast that ere Yakoob!" growled Tim. "If ther lubber hadn't a-lured us inter ther hands o' them landsharks, we'd a-been all right now."

They could see that they were a short distance away from the town, and Jack calculated that they could not be many miles away from Ladak, by which he intended to go. He pondered a few moments, then observed:

"It will take a large body of men to get the motor upon her wheels again, and I am going to make our enemies do it for us!"

Every one was amazed to hear this assertion.

"Impossible!" said Hopkins. "It can't be done."

"You shall see!", grimly answered the young inventor.

"How in thunder are yer a-goin' ter do it?" growled Tim, skeptically.

"By electricity," answered Jack, in significant tones, putting on a pair of rubber gloves.

He took two coils of stout, copper wire, and connected one end of each one with the battery, after which he handed one to Fritz and said:

"I'm going to scoop them in. When I call for you, come out and take a hitch around the ankle of each one I capture, with your wire, so as to have all strung to it."

Despite the remonstrance of his friends, he left the motor, trailing one of the wires after him, and the moment he touched the ground a crowd of the Asiatics ran after him, Dexterously eluding them he ran around them in a circle and encompassed them with the live wire.

Unsuspecting of their danger, a number of them grasped it and then could not let go when the electricity flashed into them.

In a few moments Jack had a score of them clinging to the wire, dancing and yelling, raving and swearing, and upon seeing that they were spellbound by some mysterious and painful force, the rest became frightened and took care to hasten away.

Jack called Fritz with the other live wire, and the Dutch boy strung the dusky horde together by their ankles, at intervals, when they were relieved of the one in their hands, but still felt the current.

"Spare us!" yelled one of the squirming men, in Hindoo.

"Under one condition," quickly replied Jack, in the same tongue.

"We will do anything," groaned the man.

"Then right the motor!" said Jack.

The man eagerly translated this order to the rest and they hastened to work upon the Hurricane which, although large and strong, was not as heavy as it might have been, and by their united strength and some tackles they dragged it from the ditch and set it upon its wheels.

The rest, who had retired to a safe distance, looked on without offering to molest the explorers, for fear their friends' lives would pay the forfeit.

As soon as the Hurricane was ready to go on, Jack and his friends got aboard of her and, uncoupling the electric wire that held the men captives, they let it go and the boy started the motor rapidly ahead.

It dashed away, leaving the natives infuriated, and soon was so far from them they became lost to view.

A great many useful articles were broken by the accident, but when Tim and Fritz straightened things out, but few signs of the capsizing remained.

Night settled upon the scene.

The Hurricane had been pursuing the border of a lake for some time, as the ground thereabouts, as far as the eye could reach, was smoothest for traveling.

The country to the left had been cleared, and corn and rice fields were planted along the slopes to get the benefit of irrigation of the numerous streams pouring down from the adjacent hills.

Near the end of the lake they came to the residence of a zemindar, or farmer, consisting of a group of three cottages built of mud and stones and bamboo poles, thatched with rice straw.

They were enclosed by hedgerows of cactus, milk plants, jujubes, acacias, plantains and bamboos, and clusters of larger trees were scattered about, sacred peepuls marking the locality of the Devi, or Hindoo shrine, while far beyond the dark-green and massive foliage of mangoes spread their shade.

There was a village on the other side of the trees, and as the motor drew nearer to it, Jack and his friends heard the loud and discordant sound of voices.

They came from a dozen old women, who soon came into view, drawn up in a line, linked together by their arms thrown around each other's necks, and they were screaming an appeal for relief of their poverty and ailments when they saw the Hurricane.

Much to Jack's disgust, they blocked the motor's way so that she could not go on without running over them, and as he did not know what they were saying he was placed in a quandary.

His embarrassment did not last long, however, for a palanquin came down the road, containing the local rajah, named Urjum Sing, at whose approach the begging haridans fled precipitately.

The rajah had been apprised of the coming of the singular motor, and hastened out in person from his bungalow to meet it, carried by four most peculiar-looking negroes, who were afflicted with a malady which all the people thereabouts had contracted from their drinking water.

All of them had swollen legs and great crops at their throats.

Jack brought the coach to a pause, as he saw a personage coming, and when the palanquin came up and the rajah stepped out, the boy saw that he was a fine-looking man, but he assumed a stupid air of indifference, which, in the East, does duty for greatness and dignity.

He spoke in the Hindoo language to Hopkins, who understood it, and inquired who they were, where they were going, and what the motor was, to which the professor gave satisfactory answers, and then he said:

"I would not advise you to go much further this way."

"Why not?" asked Hopkins, in surprise.

"Death awaits any traveler penetrating yonder jungle."

"We will risk it," replied Hopkins.

"Remember, it swarms with jackals, vultures and hyenas."

And so saying, the rajah left them, considering himself acquitted of an important duty in having warned them of their danger.

Hopkins told the rest what he said, and Jack went on.

The first object they saw upon passing the village and reaching the distant jungle was an old well, with some ancient equestrian reliefs on the stonework around it.

A caravan path led into the jungle from the well, and, following it, Jack saw some old and tattered garments lying by the wayside; next came a human foot, and afterward the remnant of a body, the bones of which were picked clean, and had begun to bleach in the sun.

They were evidently the remains of some unfortunate wretch who had fallen a victim to sickness or starvation, and thus proved an easy victim of the creatures that devoured him.

Overhead several of the biggest mountain eagles Jack had ever seen were hovering, and the boy observed that they followed the motor.

This was kept up for some time, and the Hurricane got well within the jungle when one of them suddenly swept toward it, and, to Jack's amazement, swooped down to the window in front of him.

A terrific scream arose a moment afterward from Bismarck, for the eagle had spotted the parrot and seized it from the window-sill.

Jack was startled at the audacity of the big bird, and, reaching out his hand to save the young Dutchman's pet, he seized the eagle's legs.

It gave a great cry, but never relaxing its talons' clutch,

it flapped its mighty pinions and dragged Jack partly out of the window.

It had not the strength to carry him up, but in its desperation to escape, dragged him out so far that he would have fallen from the moving Hurricane if he had not leaped out all the way.

Still he clung to the mighty bird, and his weight carried it to the ground, where Bismarck was released and flew back into the motor.

The eagle now attacked Jack so savagely, beating him with its strong wings, pecking at him with its beak, and scratching him so painfully with its talons that he was glad to let it go.

Up in the air it darted, uttering a savage cry, where it was joined by its mate, when they both attacked Jack, who had fallen.

The motor ran on, unguided, as no one was in the turret but Jack, and upon finding himself assailed, without a weapon to defend himself, the boy shouted for help.

A powerful blow from the wing of one of the birds knocked him half stunned, but his hand came in contact with a broken branch of a tree, and, grasping it, he gave battle to the courageous birds.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWO LIONS.

Blow after blow Jack rained upon the birds with his cudgel, and they flew, screaming, away for a moment, only to return more fiercely than ever.

His clothing was torn, his flesh lacerated, and he suffered intense anguish, as he struck right and left at the persistent eagles.

Finally, by a well-directed blow, the boy knocked one of the birds dead at his feet, and the other shot up into the air, out of his way.

Panting and anxious, the boy glanced around and saw that the motor had come to a pause, Fritz and Hopkins had alighted, and, at that very moment, they were running to his rescue.

Tim had witnessed the accident which had befallen the boy, brought the Hurricane to a stop and sent the others to Jack's assistance.

"You are too late to do me any good," said Jack, flinging the branch aside.

"Donner vetter!" gasped Fritz in astonishment. "Who's der matter onct?"

"I've had a fight, as you can readily see."

"Dear me!" groaned Hopkins sympathetically. "Not injured, I trust, dear boy?"

"Hardly," replied Jack dryly. "The other eagle fled. Come back to the motor."

Upon boarding the Hurricane they found Bismarck swearing like a pirate and raving at Tim to pity him for the loss of half of his green and yellow feathers.

The journey was then resumed, they divided a watch, and Tim and Jack turned in, while Fritz and Hopkins remained on duty.

Next day the motor was still in the vast, marshy jungle, although she had been going ahead all night, without stopping.

As the rajah predicted, the place was swarming with wild beasts, but they fled at the approach of the Hurricane in affright.

The course Jack was pursuing was in accordance with the line of travel he had mapped out for the motor, however, and nothing but the most insurmountable obstacle would have caused him to deviate from it.

Afar in the distance, over the jungle top, he could discern the great range of Himalaya Mountains, while to the northward arose the Kuen-luns toward the eastern extremity of which the jungle they were then in was tending.

The clearing they were then in continued, plainly showing that it was a course which had been pursued by native caravans.

When the shadow of twilight fell upon the earth again they came to a fork in the road and decided to go to the right, as it was Jack's plan to reach the Desert of Sultus, north of the Kuen-lun Mountains, as soon as possible.

Supper was partaken of and Jack took his trick at the wheel.

Tim remained in the turret with him, while Fritz and Hop-

kins sat in the cage, playing cards, intently watched by Whiskers, the monkey.

Darkness fell, broken by myriads of stars and the beautiful, full moon, and the road gradually became so rough and marshy that an anxious look kept growing upon the boy inventor's face.

"I am afraid we have followed the wrong road, Tim," he said at last.

"Keelhaul me if I wuzn't a-thinkin' jist ther same thing, lad," replied Tim.

"Shall we go on, or would you turn back?"

"It may git better arter a while," answered the old sailor hopefully.

The electric lights blazing out all around the motor showed them that the road was turning to the left, and it had a most unfrequented look.

The swamps were hedging in upon it on both sides, and the most dismal sounds came from creatures in them, while above the tops of the tall grass they could see miasmatic vapors arising like cloud banks.

Following a sudden turn to the right, the Hurricane rolled into a vast clearing, hedged around by the jungle.

A cry of surprise pealed from Jack's lips.

For within the clearing lay a most romantic scene.

It was the remains of an ancient, ruined city, which had once been surrounded by a high, stone wall that now had fallen to decay.

There yet stood some broken, crumbling remains of the wall, now overgrown with moss and creeping plants.

Passing through a breach in it, the Hurricane rolled into the deserted city, down upon which the brilliant, mellow moonlight fell.

Here were houses with roofs caved in, there were great columns standing like ghostly sentinels upon the ground; some of them had fallen and broken among the tumbled remains of overthrown walls, and everything was coated with rank weeds and other vegetation.

In the center of the place stood the remains of an ancient temple, the silvery moonlight streaming through its windows, door and colonnades, and above it flew swarms of bats, while among the debris there prowled the repulsive figures of beasts of prey.

The Hurricane came to a pause in what might once have been a vast public square in front of the ruined temple, near a great, square shaft of stone arising in the form of an obelisk, fifty feet in height, upon the four sides of which were engraven the most peculiar hieroglyphics.

But strangest of all in the singular city were myriads of human skeletons, of enormous size, lying scattered around upon the ground, everywhere, showing where the lost race had fallen and died.

"In heaven's name! what sort of place is this?" gasped Jack.

"Blow me, if it wuzn't a city o' giants," replied Tim, taking a chew of navy plug and pointing out at the white, bleached skeletons.

Just then Fritz and the professor entered the turret to learn why the motor stopped, and upon catching sight of the scene outside gave utterance to cries of surprise.

"Bless my heart!" Hopkins exclaimed. "What have we here, my Christian friends?"

"We must have been following the wrong trail," admitted Jack reluctantly.

"Don't dere vhas somepody alive by dis place alretty?" queried Fritz.

"It is a city of the dead," replied Jack.

"Splendid, 'pon my word!" delightedly said Hopkins. "Just the spot for my scientific research. Permit me to alight and investigate the place. Really, dear boy, I never before met such a beautiful ruin."

"You had better arm yourself," cautioned Jack. "The place is teeming with wild beasts, and you will have to keep on the watch for danger."

"I tink ve vhas petter stay here till day-time, so ve found our vay oudt," commented Fritz. "Vat you tink, Shack?"

"For my part, I am satisfied," replied the boy, with a nod. The professor took a repeating rifle and left the motor.

He headed straight for the ancient temple, ascended the broad steps in front of it, and they saw him disappear through the big, central, arched doorway.

Jack left Tim and Fritz in the pilot-house, and, going outside, he made a careful examination of the machinery of the motor, to see if everything was in good working order for when they started again.

While he was so engaged he suddenly caught the sound of

a distant roar, followed by the clatter of an animal's hoofs. The boy started to his feet and pulled a pistol from his belt.

"It's a lion!" he muttered, glancing swiftly around.

He did not see anything, but a moment afterward he heard a man's voice coming from the other side of the temple, and the idea flashed across his mind that Hopkins was in trouble.

Jack ran swiftly across the square, and had just come to an angle of the temple, when he suddenly observed a beautiful white horse, with a man on its back, looking like a Sikh of Little Thibet.

In back of him came a negro wearing a red fez cap and white loin cloth, mounted on a camel's back, and clutching a small lion's cub by its neck with one hand, while with the other he held a second one on the camel.

The roar Jack heard came from a full-grown male lion.

Furious over these people stealing the cubs, it was rushing after them, with agile leaps that soon brought it up to them.

Both the horse and camel were reined in when the stranger saw that a fight with the lion was imminent, and they turned upon it.

Unfortunately for Jack, the lion saw him.

Its attention was thus distracted from the cub stealers, whom it was pursuing, and it made a leap for the boy.

As quick as a flash the boy darted aside, and the ferocious beast landed with a thud upon the spot he had just evacuated.

With an awful roar, that rolled like muttering thunder, the great beast wheeled around, facing him again, crouched down, and its tail lashing its flanks, it fastened its fiery eyes upon him and prepared for a second spring.

Jack fired a shot at it from his pistol, and the ball grazed its head and burst with a loud report, inflicting a painful wound, and causing the lion to snarl and bare its formidable teeth.

Again it sprang, and to save himself Jack recoiled in front of the horse and camel and fired a second shot, which pierced the beast's body and burst under its front legs while it was in the air.

It struck Jack and knocked him down.

But the next instant it fell over upon its back beside him, dead.

The horse was prancing, and the camel, with a terrified look, was crying in peculiar tones with fear.

For a moment the young inventor imagined he was safe, and was about to leap to his feet and find out who the two natives were, when a yell broke the stillness at the right-hand side of the square, and out of the bushes flew a lioness that mated with the defunct beast.

Her glaring eyeballs were centered upon her two cubs for a moment, her fur bristling and her lithe body trembling with intense rage.

The Sikh yelled something to his black companion, and raising the spear he carried he aimed it at the beast.

This act seemed to arouse the lioness to an ungovernable pitch of fury, for a second maddened scream pealed from her red mouth, and she made a flying leap toward Jack, over the body of her mate.

The boy saw her coming and raised his pistol.

In another moment its muzzle was at the beast's throat, and he pulled the trigger, when to his alarm the weapon failed to act.

It had but two cartridges in it and they had been shot at the lion.

An exclamation burst from his lips.

At the same juncture the Sikh let his spear fly, and, by a jerk at his bridle, sent the horse bounding aside.

The barbed point pierced the lioness.

With a frightful cry of pain she landed on top of Jack, and with the breath fairly knocked from his lungs, he felt her sharp claws dig into his quivering flesh as he fell over upon his back.

A shudder convulsed the boy, for the hot breath was fanning his face, and her lurid eyes were glaring balefully down into his own.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH CHAINED WHEELS.

Jack was half stunned by the shock of the lioness' body striking him so violently, yet he had enough sense to realize that he was at the mercy of the beast and might now get torn to pieces.

A cold sweat burst out all over him.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered.

Then he fainted.

"Shiver ther lubber's top-lights!"

"Och, vatch me proke her snoot, Dim!"

Biff! Thud! came two shots when these words were uttered. Tim and Fritz, each armed with magazine rifles, had come up.

No sooner were the shots fired when two bullets, like bombshells, burst inside of the lioness, just as she bared her fangs to sink them in Jack's body.

With an appalling scream, and the Sikh's lance sticking in her body, the beast bounded high in the air and fell over a corpse.

"Hurrah!" bellowed Tim, brandishing his weapon. "I've scuttled her!"

"Got oudt! It vhas me!" retorted Fritz, hastening toward Jack.

"Belay thar, yer swab! You couldn't hit ther side o' a barn ten feet away."

"I tink so neider, but I vhas kill dat tager-lion alretty."

When they reached Jack and saw that he had lost his senses, they became very much alarmed, as the lacerations inflicted by the lioness had left him covered with blood, making them think he had been killed.

The professor, alarmed by the noise of the fight, just then ran out of the temple toward them, and, kneeling beside the boy, ascertained the extent of his injuries.

In the meantime the Sikh and his companion had withdrawn their animals to one side, and sat conversing about these strangers and the, to them, strange-looking vehicle they rode in.

Under the care of Hopkins and the others Jack revived, presently, and got up.

His wounds were not serious, and he was greatly agitated over the narrow escape he had from death.

He turned to the Sikh and addressed him in the Hindoo language, saying:

"What were you people doing here?"

The man understood him, and replied at once:

"We were on our way to Ladak, sahib, and as our Shaghawal (governor) wanted a lion's cub, and we found this pair here, my servant Nana secured them when the parents of the beasts appeared, attacked us and we fled."

"Then you know the way out to the mountains from here?"

"On the northern side of the city there is an open gate which will turn you upon a road that leads to the Kuen-lun, sahib," replied the man, "but I would scarcely advise you to follow it, for the foothills are now infested with a ferocious band who levy tribute from all travelers. They robbed me of my jewels, and Nana and I barely escaped with our lives."

"In my motor we run but little risk," the boy replied.

"They hate the Franks."

"Because they are Mohammedans, I suppose?"

"True, and also because a party of Franks severely beat them in India."

"Do you know anything about this ruined city?"

"Nothing; it has been here for centuries, I was told, sahib."

Jack questioned him further, but he could not impart much information, save to say that there was a rich and powerful nation living in the desert of Gobi, whom white men had never seen and returned alive.

The Sikh and his companion then called down the blessings of Allah upon our friends for killing the lions and saving him and his servant from certain destruction, after which they departed with the cubs.

Our friends returned to the motor, where Jack dressed his wounds and changed his clothes, and the professor stored away some relics he found, wrote a description of the city in his journal and secured several flash photographs of the place with an instantaneous camera he carried.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Jack started the motor through the ruins toward the north gate the Sikh spoke of.

In the brilliant sunlight the place assumed a strange aspect.

The houses partook of the architecture of the pagodas of China, but the slope of the roofs were straight instead of being concave; the basements, ten yards square, were of stone, raised a few feet from the ground, each supporting eight or ten pillars, deeply grooved, with bases and capitals formed of fantastically sculptured leaves and flowers.

The windows and doors were Saracenic, with rich lattice-work panels instead of glass, and everything was overrun

with vines and shrubs, among which ran bright-colored lizards of various hues, while over the gravelly ground the ugliest of black-hooded snakes were seen crawling.

Upon reaching the gate the motor passed through, and they found that there was a good, hard road beyond, along the sides of which were many stone heaps containing shrines of ancient deities.

Pursuing this tortuous, winding road half the day, our friends soon drew near the frowning mountains of Kuen-lun.

They had passed through narrow fir-crowned gorges, and went over that district of the vast table-land of Thibet called Roopshoo, consisting of broad valleys without water, which seemed only a few hundred yards wide, yet were really palins many miles in extent.

On either side arose rolling mountains of all sizes of red, yellow and black, with rocks occasionally cropping out, not a glimpse of verdure to be seen save in some distant depressions, where a faint, yellow gleam along the ground showed some scattered blades of a harsh, prickly grass piercing the gravel like discolored porcupine quills.

They encountered shallow pits surrounded by loose stone walls, each with a rough fire-place in the middle, where wandering tribes of Thibetans had pitched their tents to seek shelter from the wind.

These people care for no roof if they can shelter themselves from the wind, which suddenly arises in the afternoon to a terrific, deadly cold blast, which would numb the life out of them if exposed to it.

In the morning they are nearly blinded by the insufferable glare of the sun, and have to guard against sunstroke.

Jack pointed out the windows as they drew near the mountains, where a long, low, broad wall appeared, covered with flat stones covered with sacred sentences in two different styles of Thibetan characters. It was called the mane.

"We are approaching a village," said the boy.

At each end of it was a large, square pedestal, surmounted by a huge, inverted tea-pot, all whitewashed, while crowning all was a small wooden globe or crescent, supported on an obelisk twenty feet high.

They were supposed to contain the remains of sainted Lamas, buried in a standing position, and there were little holes at the side filled with numerous small medallions, looking like lava ornaments, which were molded into wonderful figures of hundred-headed deities.

On reaching these structures, devout Thibetans always pass to the right, it being considered a terrible breach of religion to go to the left, but not knowing this, Jack drove the motor along the wall, when he heard a yell and a Lama or priest darted out from behind it and began to rave at him.

He was dressed in a red robe, allowing one arm and shoulder to be bare, besides his head; in his hand he carried a prayer-cylinder which he whirled around on its wooden handle and kept up a furious yelling.

The road led down an incline, and Jack saw the priests' monastery jammed against the vertical face of a nearby rock.

Below the hill, where the wall stood, was a village of scattered houses, flat-roofed, two-storied, built of sun-dried bricks, with walls sloping inward and finished off with brilliant white and red stucco over the windows.

On the roof were piles of horns stuck all over with small flags and rags of colored cotton, while fierce-looking black yaks, with long hair and bushy tails, were grazing about the adjacent fields.

"There is the village now," said Jack, pointing ahead.

"But shiminey Christinas!" growled Fritz, "vot's der matter mit dot feller?"

"He is arousing the whole village," nervously said Hopkins.

A number of men had come rushing from the houses, alarmed by the cries of the priest. They were beardless, and wore cloth boots, thick, woolen frocks, girt round the waist and just reaching below the top of their leggings; on their pig-tailed heads they wore a kind of black Phrygian cap, and they were armed with swords and pistols. The priest soon joined them, and they saw him excitedly talking to them and pointing up at the Hurricane.

"I'm afraid we have done something to arouse their animosity," said Jack, watching them suspiciously, as the motor ran down the hill.

"Pon my word, dear boy, I can't see how," replied Hopkins.

"You had better arm yourselves, anyway," said Jack un- easily.

Fritz and Tim went back in the cage, and the motor continued on till it reached the village, when a crowd of Thibe-

tans swarmed out in the road, and, despite their danger of being run over, obstinately refused to budge out of the way.

Jack was obliged to bring the Hurricane to a pause in front of them, and his friends menaced the natives out of the windows with their firearms, but they began to jabber angrily in their own language, which our friends did not understand.

But the boy and the professor harangued them in various languages without making them understand, and while they were so engaged some of the Thibetans stole up in back of the motor with strong yak-chains and securely fastened the wheels of the Hurricane together.

The result was that when Jack made an effort to start her the bound wheels refused to move, and he failed to see the cause.

Upon observing the effect of their plan, a dozen of the Thibetans sprang upon the motor, and some went scrambling inside through the open windows, taking our friends by surprise by the suddenness of their attack.

Tim and Fritz were yet back in the cage and came hurrying forward, where they found Jack and the professor struggling with the natives.

As soon as they joined in the fray the Thibetans were driven out, but they knocked Jack senseless and carried him with them.

He was not missed till the doors and windows were secured by Tim, and then they realized that the boy was a captive.

They opened fire upon the Thibetans through the loopholes and drove them away, when Fritz donned a suit of armor and went out.

He saw no signs of Jack, as the natives had carried him back into the rugged hills, but he observed the wheels were fastened, and, despite the shots fired, that rattled harmlessly against his armor, the Dutch boy took off the chains, liberating the Hurricane.

CHAPTER VII.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The midday sun was hidden behind a heavy cloud bank, which added to the gloomy feeling which took possession of the inmates of the Hurricane when they found that the Thibetans had carried Jack away. Knocked senseless, the boy was utterly helpless when they brought him up in the rocks above the village.

None of them knew what a religious breach they had committed by going along the sacred wall, where the bodies of the dead priests, or Lamas, were buried, and consequently could not account for the attack.

Protected by his suit of mail, Fritz had escaped their bullets and took the yak-chains from the wheels of the motor, and, as his friends kept the natives at bay with their rifles, he returned aboard.

The motor was not permitted to remain long where it stood. for the natives loosened a huge boulder up on the slope of the hill and sent it rolling down toward the Hurricane like an avalanche.

Along it came, crashing, rolling over smooth places, bounding from jutting stones, crushing down twigs, flinging up the dirt in showers and driving a hail of pebbles before it.

The motor stood directly in its way, and upon hearing the rumble of its descent Fritz looked out of the window and saw it.

"Shtart der motor!" he roared. "Gwick, Dim! In vun minutes ve vhas been grushed all by pieces alretty."

The old sailor turned the lever and grasped the wheel, when up and down pounded the walking-beam, and the machinery began to rattle as the Hurricane rolled ahead.

She had just cleared the spot when the boulder rushed by with a crash, just missing her hind wheels.

A yell pealed from the Thibetans.

Observing how effective the boulder had nearly proven, they followed up this style of attack by sending a number of them rolling down the sloping road after the flying motor, and, as she sped along, a veritable avalanche of rocks came hurtling after her.

Their situation was so desperate that her crew had no recourse save to fly from the natives, or have the Hurricane's wheels crippled or smashed to atoms.

Regaining courage when they saw the motor flying from them, the natives broke from the fastness of the rocky hills, and, mounting their shaggy-coated, tough little horses, a troop of them pursued our friends.

Down the hill rushed the Hurricane at breakneck speed, the horses thundering along after it, their riders uttering shout

upon shout, their long lances waving in the air, their swords and pistols gleaming and their dusky faces glowing with exultant looks.

It was an exciting chase, for the occupants of the motor did not know but that their barbaric pursuers might continue to send rocks flying down to endanger the running gear of the Hurricane.

Tim steered the motor with consummate skill, avoiding all obstructions with a dexterity that came of long practice handling ships, and the Hurricane fairly flew over the ground, as there was full power on and the steep hill added momentum to her speed.

She was rapidly distancing her pursuers, when a shout arose from Hopkins, who had been keeping a sharp lookout ahead.

"Great heavens! Look out! There's an abrupt curve ahead, my dear Tim!"

"I'll put on the brakes!" muttered the old sailor.

He turned a lever suddenly, instead of doing so gradually, and the clamps struck the wheels with such an abrupt jar that the motor jumped up in the air several inches; there was a sharp snap—the brake was broken!

Every one gave a violent start, for they realized at once what had occurred, and dreaded the consequences.

Tim stopped the machinery, but he could not stop the fierce onward rush of the motor down that steep incline.

A moment afterward they neared the curve, from which point the road was hemmed in by stone walls on each side, so narrow that the motor could not turn around in her own length, while ahead, around the curve, they saw that a landslide had occurred, filling the road with a huge heap of dirt and rock.

There was a path cut through it only wide enough to permit the passage of a horse, through which the motor could not go.

"Schdop her!" wildly yelled Fritz. "If she vhas hit dot heab, she vented herselluf by dcot-bicks vonet!"

"Lord save her, I can't!" groaned Tim. "Ther brake is busted."

"Then she'll be wrecked!" cried Hopkins in despairing tones.

The three frightened inmates of the motor glanced at each other in dismay.

For the space of a moment they remained inactive; then a sudden idea suggested itself to Tim, and he hastily hobbled back to the cage, flung open the rear door, picked up a grapnel and let it fly.

It was fastened to a rope, the other end of which was secured to a ring-bolt in the floor, and it went skating over the ground in back of the motor with a loud, metallic jangling.

"Dash me if it'll hold!" muttered Tim despairingly, as he fixed his solitary eye upon it, and felt every moment would bring forth a violent crash, when the Hurricane struck the dirt heap ahead.

On dragged the grapnel, dancing over the ground, and then its flukes struck in among some rocks by the wayside.

There came a sudden jolt.

The hooks caught, the rope was strained taut, the motor came to a sudden standstill, and then the line parted with a loud report.

But the Hurricane's onward flight was checked just as her cow-catcher ran up to the obstruction ahead.

"Hcoroar!" chuckled Tim, returning to the turret. "We're saved!"

"Bully fer you, Dim!" said Fritz, with a relieved look, and he gave the old sailor such a terrific thump on the back to show his approval that Tim was knocked over upon the floor.

"Belay, thar!" he roared angrily. "D'yer want ter stove in my timbers, ye goldurned pirate?"

"Och, dot vhas only a luf-dan!" grinned Fritz.

"Ye'd better use an axe ther next time," advised Tim, getting up and glaring at the Dutch boy. "When I wuz aboard o' ther frigate Wabash a bombshell wuz shot onto our deck, an' while ther fuse wuz a-burnin', an' jest as it wuz a-goin' ter bust, I picks it up an' heaves it overboard."

"Rats!" interposed Fritz.

"Shut up, blast yer jawin' tackle!" roared the old sailor, turning his battery upon the silent professor. "As I wuz a-sayin', no sooner'd I chucked that 'ere keg o' powder overboard when ther admiral hit me a punch in ther back ter show how he approved o' wot I done, an' I ups an' gits riled an' back him on ther nose ter show him as I didn't like——"

"I thought you said it was a bombshell, my Christian friend?" mildly interposed the professor, winking at Fritz.

"Did I?" growled the ancient liar. "Well, I made a mistake, an' as yer so ram-jammed pertickler as ter facks, I won't tell yer ther story."

"For which I praise the Lord!" devoutly replied Hopkins.

He then went out and examined the broken brake, but did not remain there long, for he heard the clatter of approaching hoofs, and, glancing up, saw the Thibetans coming around the curve.

A shout of exultation pealed from their lips upon seeing the motor brought to a pause by the landslide, and believing that its inmates had fled in fear of them, they boldly bore down on the Hurricane.

With yells and threats, on they swept, and reaching the motor they found the rear door open, as Tim had forgotten to close it when he had flung the grapnel out to stop the Hurricane.

Tim, Fritz and Hopkins hastily armed themselves and prepared to fire out of the windows at their enemies, when what was their alarm to see a dozen of them come inside by the rear door.

There was no time for comment, however, for the Thibetans attacked them with pistols and swords, and within a moment our friends were engaged in a deadly struggle for their lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOOD FOR THE BEASTS.

Jack had been carried upon a rocky plateau by two of the natives in a senseless condition, but he revived after a while and found himself lying flat on his back upon the ground.

The Thibetans had driven four stakes in the ground and, stretching pieces of rope to his ankles and wrists, had bound each limb to each of the stakes.

He therefore could not move hand or foot when he recovered.

Close by him two Thibetans stood conversing, and as soon as the captive boy recalled to mind everything that had occurred, he glanced around at the bleak landscape and saw how he was fastened.

A feeling of despair took possession of him.

Isolated, as his present position was, he knew very well that his friends must be ignorant of his whereabouts, else they would not have allowed his captors to hold him.

Off on three sides there rolled a dreary plain; in back of his head arose a mass of dark rocks, and overhead the sky had assumed a disagreeable leaden hue, threatening rain.

Every bit of the morning's intense heat was gone, and a chilly blast was sweeping across the gravel, with a mournful sound, its penetrating cold seeming to go right into his very bones.

Jack shivered, and, upon finding that he could not move, he twisted his head around and addressed his captors in Hindustani:

"I say!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Come here!"

Both of the men signified their understanding the language by complying.

"What do you want?" demanded one of them in the same tongue, as he paused beside the boy and glanced down at him.

"Why did you people attack us?" asked Jack.

"Because you contaminated the religious wall of the Lamas by not following the bifurcated path past the tombs, and that sin of sacrilege is punishable by death!" the man replied.

"Where are my friends?"

"Flying, pursued by our band."

"You are all bent upon our destruction, then?"

"Our Lama demands your death."

"Is that why you brought me here?"

"We will soon leave you. The hyenas and jackals will do the rest."

A shudder convulsed the boy.

He realized now that he had been tied here to be devoured alive by the ravenous beasts that infested those dreary regions.

The boy pondered a few moments, and then he asked:

"Will nothing induce you to release me?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing; we are not to be bribed. In fact, we have relieved you of everything of value which you had upon your person, while you lay here unconscious."

"Robbers! Scoundrels!" exclaimed Jack in angry tones.

"Bah! We gain our money in this manner."

"Then they must be the thieves against whom the Sikh warned us at the ruin." flashed across Jack's mind.

His captors now strode away.

"By morning light," said the one who had spoken, "you will be dead! Nothing but your fleshless skeleton will remain, scattered over the plain, as a sign that another unbelieving Frankish boy has perished for his accursed sins."

And with this ominous threat upon his lips the man hastened off with his friend and disappeared over the brow of the hill.

Jack turned his head and watched them out of sight.

When he was all alone an awful feeling of loneliness stole over him, and he peered around, wondering in which direction the wild beasts would come from by which he was threatened.

"What will become of the motor and my friends?" he groaned. "It seems to me that the further we penetrate into this mysterious region the greater the danger accumulates. It is evident enough that the inhabitants of this place are all hostile to white men, and unless we had exercised the utmost caution we would not have lived to pass through it."

Several hours that seemed ages to the embittered boy crawled by, and the moaning wind arose to a shrieking gale, so cold that he was numbed through to the very marrow.

Yet he had to lay there helplessly and endure the torture of mind and body to which he was subjected, unable to alleviate his misery.

He tugged and jerked at his bonds in an effort to break them, until they sank into his quivering flesh without loosening them any, and left himself panting, smarting, bleeding and exhausted.

Darker and gloomier grew the sky, over which heavy banks of stormy clouds now were scudding, and a heavy twilight settled down.

As the darkness intensified the air blew a most offensive odor to Jack's nostrils, and he heard a distant howling which was peculiarly horrible.

It made the boy start and, straining to raise his head partly from the ground, he saw a number of distant figures skulking toward him, looking like a cross between dogs and wolves.

They were gaunt, tawny-colored jackals, that burrowed in the ground and hid in holes among the rocks by day, hunting in troops by night, leading lions to places where food was to be procured by their howling, and eating carrion, digging up dead bodies or devouring anything.

Jack knew the nature of the ravenous beasts, and his face turned pale as he observed that they had scented him and were trooping toward him.

On they came, yelping, snarling and howling through the rain-drops, which now began to patter down with the freezing winds, and in a short time they drew close to the bound boy and then began to circle around and around him.

The snarls and howls they uttered were frightful, and attracted a number of vultures, that now began to circle around in the frosty air overhead, uttering cries to one another.

Poor Jack! He felt as if there was no escaping the frightful doom these monsters portended, and he gave himself up for lost, as he had no way of defending himself against them.

Nearer and nearer the pack drew toward him, until at last one of them sprang, with a sudden growl, so close that he could almost feel its hot breath, while its baleful eyes glared like live coals.

"Back!" he screamed, in horror.

Startled, the beast fled, with a dismal howl, and the rest of the pack recoiled with a suddenness that was surprising.

They began their incessant circling again at a safe distance, and gradually narrowed it in toward him, when they saw that he made no demonstrations to hurt them, and they soon were close again.

Jack raised his voice in a wild, appealing shriek.

"Help! help! help!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

Again the jackals leaped away, alarmed by his tones and a dull, plaintive echo was flung back to him on the mocking wind.

The boy raised his drenched and white face and peered around in the murky pall which now was as black as night, and saw the howling pack come creeping back for the second time cunningly seeing that beyond yelling at them he seemed able to do no harm.

Now they were bolder than ever, though, for the whole troop crept up close to him upon all sides, their eyes shining bright and tigerish in the darkness, and every action indicating their utter fearlessness of the bound and helpless boy.

"This is the end of me now!" Jack groaned. "They'll devour me!"

He could hear the snapping of their white fangs, in arm's reach, and it made his brain reel to watch their quick, soft movements as they moved about in intricate mazes.

The young inventor had made a close calculation.

He only kept his eyes open long enough to see the jackals spring at him, and then, with wildly throbbing heart and a parched mouth, he felt them upon him.

In that mad, eager rush the beasts were piled on top of him in a mass of writhing, struggling bodies, each one making an effort to be the first to tear the quivering flesh from his bones.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIERY MEN.

Assailed by a dozen of the emboldened natives in the motor, Fritz, Tim and the professor opened fire upon the religious fanatics with their pneumatic rifles ere they could reach them with their swords.

The explosive bullets filled the Thibetans with alarm, and after the first volley they retreated from the motor in alarm, leaving several of their number lying dead and wounded in the Hurricane.

No sooner were they out of the rear door when Fritz closed and locked it, while Tim and Hopkins, slightly wounded by the shots fired at them, hastened to the cage loopholes and poured a deadly fire out at their enemies.

Driven back the way they came from by these shots, the natives hastily put a safe distance between themselves and the motor, satisfied now that our friends did not entertain the remotest fear of them.

"Dey don't could got in here now, py shiminey!" exclaimed Fritz.

"As we can't go ahead any further, we'd better get out of here," said Hopkins.

"Back her, starn forrard up ther way as we came from, then, Fritz!" said the old sailor, as he fired another shot. "Them land sharks is all gittin' up among ther rocks, an' may heave more on 'em down at us!"

The Thibetans, all the while this dialogue went on, were firing shot after shot down at the motor, the bullets singing and whistling about her like hail, but the strong, woven, wire walls were impenetrable.

Fritz returned to the turret and started the Hurricane backward up the hill toward the natives, who, upon seeing her coming, hastened to get out of her way, and she soon passed by them.

Up the steep grade she rolled until she came to a place where she could leave the road, and here Fritz started her forward and ran her out upon the hard, flinty ground, where she had plenty of room.

None of the Thibetans offered to pursue her, as they were terrified by the fearful havoc the explorers' small arms made in their ranks.

In order to emphasize the impression he made upon them, Fritz aimed the big pneumatic gun at the rocks, among which they were swarming and, as it was loaded, he fired a shot.

With a terrific howl it sped to the rocks.

When it struck, there was a vast upheaval of dirt and stone, a belch of fire and smoke, and an awful report rang out that echoed among the crags for many miles around.

Up into the air a large cloud of pulverized dirt and stone was blown, and, caught by the cold wind, was carried far away.

Our friends did not wait to see the extent of the damage, for Fritz turned the motor around and she sped away over the plateau.

Crossing the rolling ground to an elevated level, the Dutch boy brought the Hurricane to a pause, and said:

"Ve don't vhas petter leaf Shack mitoudt dryin' ter vind him alretty before dem ratskals shop off his het, so, vile I vhas rebair me dot prake, Dim, you und der berfessor petter got on your metal suids und look aroundt for him, ain'd id?"

"You're right, my amiable friend," assented Hopkins. "While those infidels were engaging us in battle, others of them may have poor Jack at their mercy somewhere, and he may need our assistance."

"Blast thar timbers!" growled Tim. "If they bar a hair o' that 'ere lad's fingerhead, they'll answer for it, an' that lives ter ole Tim Topstay!"

He and the professor thereupon put on their metallic suits, and, arming themselves, they started off on a hunt for the boy.

Fritz, in the meantime, having procured duplicate wheel clamps for the injured brake from the cage, took some tools, and, going out of the motor, he set assiduously to work repairing the damage.

Several hours passed by ere his task was completed, and the storm arose, whereupon he retreated within the Hurricane and there began an anxious watch for the return of his friends.

The mountains and great plains which lie between Thibet and the sea rob the winds of their moisture, causing an excessive dryness from brittleness, while flesh exposed to the wind does not become putrid, but dries, and can be reduced to powder.

With the gale, which preceded the storm, the weather-beaten rocks broke into a dust, and, mixing with the loose alluvial soil, it was astonished to observe a fine specimen of veloped the Hurricane.

To escape it Fritz retreated into the turret, the windows of which were shut, when, upon glancing out one of the loopholes, he was astonished to observe a fine specimen of the musk deer.

Half blinded by the dust-clouds the beautiful big beast, a buck of the largest and shapeliest kind, came to a pause, with its huge antlers in the air and its front hoofs upon a rock.

Seizing a rifle from its rack upon the wall, Fritz thrust it out through one of the forward loopholes and fired at the beast.

With a hum the ball flew toward the deer and struck its antlers, where it burst, with a sharp report, and the deer fell, stunned.

Delighted with his shot, Fritz dropped his rifle, snatched up a knife and eagerly ran out by the back door to secure his prize.

The deer had fallen about eighty yards from the Hurricane, and the Dutch boy soon reached it, when, to his surprise, he saw it struggle to its feet, as it had only been stunned by the shot.

Fritz saw that he might lose his prey, and sprang for it, when the creature turned on him with extreme courage, lowered its now broken antlers, and, with a snort of rage, charged on him.

Taken so unexpectedly, Fritz made a feint to get out of its way, but he was not quick enough for the fleet-footed creature. For its broken horns caught him a blow that knocked him flying over backward.

"Mutter of Moses!" gasped Fritz, astonished at the attack, as he had considered the beast of a timid kind, and expected to see it fly at his approach. "Shton vunct! Ach! You vas butt der bret' glean oud by mine pody. Oh—ouch—ouch!"

Again and again the wounded beast butted at the prostrate boy, and he was welted, rolled and punched all over till he bethought himself of his knife, and plunged it in the deer's neck.

Agonized, it leaped backward, and Fritz arose to his feet and pluckily assaulted it with his keen blade.

The deer retreated, but he followed it up.

"By Sherasalem der silber!" he muttered doggedly. "I vhas haf wenison shops for subber, or dot peast vhas haf bucked Schneider ter blay/football, kickin' me mit its het!" grimly muttered the boy.

Just then the musk deer charged on the young Dutchman, bellowing, snorting and its head lowered close to the ground.

Fritz made a spring to get out of its way, but, tripping over a stone, he fell to the ground, flat on his stomach, uttering a deep grunt. The knife shot out his hand and the deer struck him.

It the boy had not worn his metal suit he would have been ripped to shreds by the now infuriated deer, for its jagged, broken antlers struck him a terrific blow, and lifted him from the ground.

He caught hold of the shaggy hair on its neck. Holding fast, he found himself flung upon its back, when the beast took fright at its burden and sped rapidly away.

Fritz now dared not let go.

He was badly balanced on its back, too, and hastened to get evenly astride of it, when the deer carried him swiftly along, and, dashing in amid some rocks, it followed a rift through them and finally ran along the edge of a steep precipice.

A gulf fifty feet deep yawned beside him and a shudder

of dread passed over the boy for fear he might fall over.

Scarcely a minute afterward the deer gave a sudden leap sideways, terrified at something it saw, and over the precipice it shot.

Off its back dropped Fritz, just as it took the fatal plunge.

The deer was dashed to death below, but Fritz landed safely on the ground, and then scrambled upon his feet and glanced around curiously to see what caused the deer so much terror.

A yell of horror pealed from his lips, and he shudderingly recoiled.

Several men were approaching him, dressed in sheepskins.

But to Fritz's alarm he saw that long sparks of fire were shooting out in glaring streaks from all over these strange individuals!

CHAPTER X.

THE RUSH OF THE WILD OXEN.

"Fire—quick, or they'll kill him, professor!"

"Great hambone, Tim, they are devouring the boy now!"

Several reports followed these remarks from Hopkins and Tim, who had gone in search of Jack, and an awful chorus of howls arose from the jackals attacking the young inventor.

They had been attracted to the spot by the voices of the gaunt, wolfish creatures, and now saw the peril Jack was in.

Shot after shot pealed from their weapons, and a tremendous uproar ensued among the jackals as they scattered right and left.

Away they scampered in all directions through the wind and rain, and Hopkins and Tim rushed up to Jack.

The boy was panting hard, and was deathly pale from the terrible ordeal through which he passed, but a glad look of recognition swept over his face as he saw who his deliverers were.

"Oh, Tim!" he gasped. "I am so glad you found me!"

"Lord bless yer, lad, ha' them beasts harmed yer?"

"Their teeth were beginning to ribbon me when you came."

"Who tied you here?" queried the old sailor, cutting Jack's bonds.

"The Thibetans who carried me away, I presume," answered the boy, arising to his feet and glancing anxiously around.

Hopkins had kept up a steady fire on the jackals, driving them away and killing a great many of the defeated beasts.

He now warmly shook hands with the boy, and in answer to Jack's questions explained everything that had happened to them.

"We left the motor below the hill yonder, dear boy," said he in conclusion, "so that we won't have far to go to find her again."

It was far from pleasant to be exposed to the cold and rain, and Jack was so numb he could hardly stop shivering, but a brisk run followed, and when he got his blood in circulation he recovered from this feeling.

His wounds were nothing worse than lacerations, so he was not much inconvenienced by them.

They soon reached the Hurricane, but when they got inside of her, discovered that Fritz was gone, whereupon Jack made himself comfortable again, while awaiting the Dutch boy's return.

Half an hour passed quietly by, and the three friends became nervous.

"Something must have happened to him," said Jack at last, "for he would not remain away so long for nothing. We had better go in search of him. This uncertainty makes me nervous."

He passed into the pilot house and started the motor toward the rocks where the musk deer had carried the Dutch boy, as that was the only place where he could be hidden from view.

The ground was so flinty that no trail could show upon it, more especially with such an obliterating rain and hail beating down.

There was no pass among the rocks, so Jack brought the motor to a pause.

"We will have to go afoot here," he remarked. "You remain on guard, Hopkins, and Tim and I will go off to search."

Jack now had on a metallic suit.

Leaving the motor, in company with the old sailor he went

into a dark defile, and they kept a sharp lookout ahead. Not a trace of the missing boy was seen anywhere.

"He could not be on the plain," said Jack, "or we would have seen him, Tim."

"Hark!" interposed the old sailor, holding up his hand. "What's the matter?"

"Don't yer hear that noise?"

Jack listened, and his keen ears caught a dull, rumbling sound that was gradually growing in volume, as if rapidly approaching.

A puzzled look crossed his face.

"What under the sun can it be?" he asked. "It sounds as if a roaring gale was approaching from the eastward."

Then they heard the distant voice of Hopkins yelling in frantic tones:

"Jack! Tim! Come back! Come back!"

"By Jove! There's trouble in the wind!" said the boy, in startled tones.

"Aye, but you know wot a blamed coward ther perfesser is!" said Tim.

"True, but he would not call that way for nothing," replied the boy.

"Are yer a-goin' ter give up a-lookin' fer Fritz ter go back?"

"Of course I am. Come on with me. There may be some great danger."

They hurried back the way they came from, and, emerging on the plain, they saw Hopkins standing out on the front platform wildly waving his arms to them to draw near.

"Hurry up!" he yelled. "Hurry, or we'll be dashed to pieces."

Jack and Tim glanced around in the gloom with startled expressions, and the young inventor clutched his friend's arm with one hand and pulled away to the southeast.

"Shiver me, lad, but it looks like a big black cloud a-sweepin' ther ground!"

"No. It is a tremendous herd of wild oxen flying before a cloudburst, and they are bearing straight down upon the Hurricane, which stands directly in their way. Terrified as they are, Tim, the brutes will not deviate from their course, but will strike the machine, pile upon it, and crush it."

"Holy mackerel!" gasped Tim. "Wot's ter be did?"

"Fly before them while we have time. To remain means sure destruction for the Hurricane. Come aboard."

Away they hastened to the motor.

As soon as they got upon her, Jack ran into the pilot house and started the machine across the plain.

"Fritz must take care of himself a while longer," he muttered.

The wild oxen were within a quarter of a mile of the Hurricane by this time, and coming along at a remarkable speed for such large, clumsy creatures.

There were hundreds of them in the herd, the pounding of their cloven hoofs making a rumbling sound like artillery, while from their throats came hoarse cries of intense alarm.

In back of them a low-hanging, jet-black cloud depended from the sky, and came sweeping along after the beasts, with vivid flashes of lightning playing through it.

A frightful gale of humming wind accompanied it that tore up rocks, dirt and trees, sweeping a clear path in its track, carried the debris along in the air, and knocked everything remorselessly right and left. It was rapidly overhauling the wild oxen.

Out on the plain Jack drove the motor at a high rate of speed, when suddenly he observed that she began to slacken the rapidity of her flight, until she went along slower than the beasts in pursuit.

"Now, what's the matter?" he muttered aghast, as he turned the lever around to its furthest extent, without making any marked change in the speed of the Hurricane.

"Something, dear boy, must have given out," said Hopkins in scared tones.

"Will I look over ther machinery?" asked Tim hurriedly.

"No. We have no time. The oxen are overtaking us. Arm yourselves and fire upon them. We must split that compast mass in two, so they'll go around the motor, or she's lost."

"The tornado is back of them——" suggested Hopkins tremulously.

"We must run chances with that. Go—go, or it will be too late!"

Away dashed the professor, and as soon as he and Tim had armed themselves they each selected a side platform and went out.

Then shot after shot pealed out from the rifles of Tim and Hopkins, and beast upon beast fell dead in its tracks behind them.

A few moments afterward the whole herd of oxen were rushing around the motor like a living sea.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE MERCY OF A LAMA.

Fritz was intensely alarmed at the strange sight of the fire flashing out from the bodies of the approaching men who had so alarmed the musk deer as to cause it to leap from the precipice.

There were half a dozen of these strangers, clothed in sheepskins, and they looked uncommonly like Chinamen.

For a moment Fritz was inclined to run away under the belief that the uncanny looking strangers were supernatural beings, but upon second consideration he suppressed this feeling.

"Dere don't vhas somet'ings like ghostses," he remarked resolutely, as he faced the strangers, "and I t'ink I vhas a dumbkopf to opect so alretty. Yah—now I see me troo dot fire. I didn't vhas learnt me all apoud electricity for nod-dings."

Owing to the peculiar climate of that region, the air loses its conducting power of electricity, and anyone dressed in sheepskins gives out long electric sparks when they approach conducting substances.

The strangers had come to a halt, as much surprised to see Fritz there as he was to see them, and they paid no attention to the sparks flying out of their clothing so strangely, as they were accustomed to it.

A dialogue ensued between them in the peculiar inflections of the Chinese, and keeping at a safe distance still from the queer-looking Dutch boy, whose metal armor gave him a singular appearance, all of the strangers started toward a rift leading down in the canyon.

As soon as they disappeared Fritz burst out laughing.

"Och, dey vhas more frightened as I vhas," he chuckled. "Vot I must haf looked me like, ridin' dot deer in dese clothes alretty?"

The skin-clothed men he imagined to be shepherds, although they were, he saw, armed with curved swords.

Wondering where they had gone, Fritz followed after them, and came in sight of a rift that led down into the canyon.

This he pursued, and when he reached the bottom he saw that the natives had seized upon the carcass of the musk deer.

Instantly the temper of the pugnacious Dutchman rose.

"Dot vhas mine broperty!" he exclaimed, darting toward them. "I vhas near got mineselluf gilled to gapture dot buck, und I don't vhas led you haf it dot way, neider!"

He had no weapons with him, but he was spunky enough to run right up to them and catch hold of the deer.

The strangers remonstrated in their own language, not a word of which Fritz understood, but the Dutch boy realized that they resented his claim upon the deer, and it made him angrier.

"Say!" he roared, shaking his clenched fists at them. "Who vhas killed dot animals vunst—you oder me? Now, you shust let go, or by der shiminey Christmas, I proke me your chaw!"

The strangers did not understand Fritz any better than he did them, as far as language went, but the emphatic manner in which he caught hold of the deer told them plainly enough what he meant.

Dark looks began to cross their yellowish faces.

Several of them strode over to Fritz, and pushing him roughly aside, for they now saw that he was a mortal attired in a peculiar suit, they seized the musk deer.

The expressions they uttered, accompanying their actions, showed Fritz that they meant to brook no interference from him and keep the deer.

Exasperated by their cool effrontery in laying claim to his game, the Dutch boy could contain his anger no longer.

Doubling up his fists, he turned upon the nearest man savagely, and hauling off he dealt him a stunning blow on the nose.

He toppled over backward, and fell with a bang to the ground.

The rest now became greatly incensed.

Jabbering in their guttural tongue, they rushed at Fritz. In a moment he was surrounded by their weapons, but in no wise daunted the angry young Dutchman struck out right and left with telling effect.

Two more of the shepherds were knocked down.

The other three now became furious, and, closing in on the angry boy, with their weapons they showered a rattling volley of blows upon him, which might have killed, had not his metal suit protected him.

In a moment more Fritz snatched up one of the curved swords dropped by the second man who fell, and returned their assault.

He was a good fencer, and soon let them see it, as sundry cuts and stabs he dealt were convincing.

It only increased their malice, however, and when the fallen men regained their feet and joined in, Fritz was overwhelmed.

They knocked him down, kicked the sword out of his hand, and, despite his desperate struggles, one of them bound him hand and foot.

An excited discussion followed among them, poor Fritz lying on the ground, panting with exertion, and finally two of them lifted the vanquished Dutchman, while two more shouldered the deer of contention, and carried them to upper ground.

Here two of the shepherds went away.

They soon returned with a cart to which four yaks were harnessed, and putting Fritz and the carcass of the deer in, two of them mounted the cart under instructions from the rest.

They then drove off, while the balance of the party strode away in an opposite direction nursing their wounds.

"Say," roared Fritz. "Where yer vhas pringin' me to anyway?"

One of them dealt him a kick by way of reply.

It did not hurt Fritz, but he grinned when he saw the man draw up his foot in pain, and heard him utter an agonized cry.

"Do dot again, vunct," advised the irrespressible boy. "Mebbe de next time you vhas smesh your toes. I hope me not, anyvay."

The man shook his fist and scowled balefully at Fritz, but the driver plucked him by the sleeve, spoke to him consolingly, and made a gesture and pointed at Fritz in a way the boy did not like.

For the motion clearly indicated that Fritz was going to get his head chopped off.

It sent a most unpleasant feeling flying through his system, and he began to work at his bonds in a violent effort to liberate himself, but he found that he was secured so tight that he could not loosen them.

The yak cart, a clumsy affair on two big wooden wheels, soon rolled down upon the plain, and made a bee-line along the Kuen-lun foothills for the vast breach in the mountain some distance ahead.

"If dem son of a sea-gooks vhas chop me mit a ax," he growled, "dey soon make a end of mine suits of mail. Den, vot I do?"

He shivered and moved his head, feeling how inconvenient he would be without it on his shoulders.

In a short time he found his suspicions confirmed when the two shepherds drove into a small, miserable settlement, surrounded by large droves of yaks of all kinds.

Every one of the villagers, men, women and children, were clad in sheepskins as the drivers were, and swarming out around the cart which now came to a pause, they questioned the drivers, who thereupon explained the situation.

To Fritz's disgust, amid a clamor of voices, he was rudely hauled out of the cart and dragged by the heels to a branchless cedar tree standing in the middle of the village, where they bound him.

His musk deer was then driven away.

The populace surrounded him on all sides, and he was presently unfastened and forced to kneel with his back to the tree.

A few minutes afterwards an old man with a long, white beard, wearing a sleeveless robe, came through the crowd and stood before him.

He was armed with a broad-bladed, short-handled ax, and raising both arms over the kneeling boy, he called down an invocation.

A murmur ran from mouth to mouth among the specta-

tors, and the Lama then raised the axe over the kneeling boy's head to deal him a blow that would sink the keen blade in his skull.

CHAPTER XII.

RACING A TORNADO.

The explosive bullets fired by Tim and Hopkins divided the herd of flying oxen right and left, and they rushed off on each side of the motor in a confused, bellowing stream.

Along they swept, the ones that were dropped raising a partial barricade in back of the Hurricane, which served to protect it.

Hundreds of the frightened beasts went plunging by, but still the old sailor and professor continued to pour out their destructive fire among them, to keep the way clear of those that came rushing on in the rear, and stumbling over the fallen ones.

It seemed as if they would never pass.

But finally the thickest of them swept by, and the scattered few following did not threaten much danger to the motor.

"Tim, come in here!" shouted Jack at that juncture.

"Aye, aye, lad!" responded the old sailor, obeying.

"Hold the wheel till I see what ails the machinery."

"But don't yer see ther tornado a-comin'?"

"Of course. Several minutes must pass before it reaches us."

"How'll I head her?"

"Straight after the cattle."

"Aye, now; go ahead."

Jack passed into the sleeping-room and, raising the floor, he saw that one of the main wires running from the cells of the battery to the ends of the big horseshoe magnets had slipped from its binding-post.

Half of the current was thus cut off so that the machine only ran at half power, and thus had been losing ground.

It was an accident that was remedied in a minute, and as soon as the connection was made the motor leaped ahead over the hard, stony ground with her usual velocity.

Jack returned to the turret and glanced back at the lowering sky where the black, spirating cloud was rushing along, and saw showers of rocks, trees and gravel come flying down.

They struck the motor like a volley of artillery, and each blow threatened to smash the roof in on their heads.

"Dear me!" gasped Hopkins, in alarmed tones. "This is simply dreadful!"

"Just let me handle the wheel, Tim," said Jack, as an anxious look swept over his face. "We must get out of this or those flying particles will smash her to pieces—quick!"

Tim resigned his place.

The power lever was not turned all the way.

Jack pushed it around and, gathering momentum, the motor darted ahead faster, and kept pace with the pursuing tornado.

The boy then steered her off at a slant oblique to the path of the tornado, and turning another lever he sent the horseshoe magnets each side of the walking-beam spinning around.

They shrieked and buzzed and, adding power to the main magnet, the motor streaked ahead and gained on the storm.

She was severely pounded, but presently ran out of range of the flying debris without suffering any worse damage than some dents.

In this manner she left the track of the storm.

"We are gaining on the tornado now," said the boy.

"Dash my binnacle, if we ain't!" laughed Tim, centering his solitary eye on the black cloud and stamping his wooden leg on the floor.

"But you are running toward the foothills again," said Hopkins.

"I want to get behind the shelter of yonder rocks," explained the boy; "and as soon as the storm sweeps by we can go back and try to find some trace of Fritz."

The ground they were passing over now became rough and rocky, but by exercising extreme watchfulness the boy managed to avoid the largest obstructions, the wheels easily clearing the smaller ones.

Within a short time they were clear of the track of the storm, and saw it swoop down upon the herd of oxen.

A terrific cloud of dirt, sand and stones flew up in the air, and amidst it they saw a great many of the beasts.

"Had we remained in the path of the tornado," said Jack, "the motor would have been swept up in its arms as easily as any of those creatures. It would then have torn her to pieces."

"Lor'!" answered Tim, "this one ain't nowheres compared to a cyclone I got ketched in off ther coast o' Java, where I wuz aboard o' ther old frigate Wabash. It lifted our craft fifty feet in ther sky and carried us ten miles ashore, sot us down in a river, an' we had ter spend two days a-tackin' out ter sea again ter——"

"Look out!" interposed Hopkins, suddenly.

"What's the matter?" quickly asked Jack.

"There's a precipice ahead of us, dear boy."

And so there was.

Around spun the wheels in Jack's hands, and the motor made a sweeping circle off to the left just in time to avoid going over the yawning chasm to meet her destruction.

Jack slackened speed, and the Hurricane ran slower.

"You did not see that cliff any too soon, Hopkins!" he remarked.

"I flatter myself, dear boy, that I've got eyes like a hawk," said the professor, modestly, although in reality he was so near-sighted he usually had to wear eyeglasses.

The motor now ran in among the rocks Jack was heading for, and they were surprised to see a large number of yaks browsing on the scant, prickly herbage.

"Looks as though thar might be a harbor nigh here," said Tim.

"It's built on the site of an old ruin, too; look here, my Christian friend," remarked Hopkins, pointing out of the window.

"We will have to pause here a few minutes," said Jack. "I am going to look for a well, as we need some fresh water, and people always settle where it is to be procured."

"The streams ain't much good to them, though," said Hopkins.

"Why not—there seems to be plenty of fish in this country," said Jack. "The streams we have passed are full of them."

"That's because they are never taken out," said Hopkins. "They are prohibited as articles of food by the Buddhist religion hereabouts. A good Buddhist would starve to death before eating fish meat."

It was so dark now that Jack started the lamps and searchlight, the rays from which streamed ahead upon the ruins of an ancient city, while beyond it they saw a wretched settlement of hovels.

Jack steered the motor toward it, when the long streak from the searchlight fell upon the open space in the midst of the village, and he saw all the skin-clad people gathered there with sparks flying out of their clothing, creating a most singular scene.

To the boy's amazement he saw Fritz kneeling there before the old Lama, who was then preparing to kill the Dutch boy.

The cry Jack uttered called his friends' attention to the fact.

"By thunder! this won't do, lads!" roared Tim, snatching a rifle down from the wall. "We can't heave up to 'em afore that ole pirate'll bury that 'ere axe in my old frien's head!"

"You are excited—take the wheel and let me fire!" said Jack.

Tim's hands shook like an aspen, but Jack was as cool and collected as an iceberg as he grasped the weapon.

On rushed the motor through the ruin toward the people, and as Jack took up his position in the open window, the professor turned the glaring searchlight upon the scene.

Jack drew a bead upon the priest, and just as he was about to bring down the axe upon the kneeling boy's head, the young inventor pulled the trigger.

As the shot pealed from the rifle in Jack's hands, and the searchlight flashed from the oncoming Hurricane rushing through the ruins, the old priest reeled and fell.

The ball had pierced his bosom and exploded there.

Fritz, bound hand and foot, continued kneeling with his back to the tree before him, but the startled shepherds in their electrified sheepskin clothing became panic-stricken.

Seeing the motor rushing toward them, they gave utterance to the wildest cries of alarm and fled from the village in the darkness and rain.

Ahead dashed the Hurricane until at last it drew close to Fritz, who was now deserted, kneeling beside the body of the dead Lama.

As soon as Jack brought the machine to a pause, he dashed out on the platform, sprang to the ground, with a knife in

his hand, and hastening to the Dutch boy's side he severed his bonds.

"Free, by shiminey!" gasped the astounded young Dutchman.

"Hurry up and get aboard the Hurricane!" said Jack.

They both did so, the motor was started, and the Hurricane was soon out of sight of the scene of their latest adventure.

Nothing happened of importance for the next two days, at the end of which they found themselves on the border of the great Desert of Gobi in Chinese Tartary.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The Hurricane had been going over the spurs of the Pamier plateau ere entering the desert, and now proceeded toward the Tarim River, which rose in the mountains and followed a course 1,000 miles long that was supposed to find a goal in an inland lake.

Before the rushing machine spread a sea of sand with a meager vegetation of tamarisks and reeds, lining the course of the river.

Away toward the southwest stretched vast fields of drifting sand of a treacherous nature, of which our friends knew nothing.

For the last half hour they had been running parallel with a vast herd of wild buffaloes, who were being stampeded by some unseen foe.

"We are forging ahead of the buffaloes now," said Jack, looking back.

"Yah, but dey vhas still comin' ahet," glumly answered Fritz.

"Tain't likely as they'll come out far on ther desert whar ther ain't no food."

"No," assented Hopkins. "They seem to be frightened. As soon as their fear wears away they will pause and turn back."

"Do you know anything about this desert, professor?" asked Jack.

"Only what I've read. They say the population of the basin is scanty and poverty-stricken. On the Lower Tarim there are nine villages, with a total of 1,200 souls, and cattle raising is more general than agriculture of barley and wheat. Mohammedanism is the universal religion, and the language is identical with the Naranchi and Sart."

"Shamo has no large river like Tarim; instead, its boundaries are marked by lofty ranges of mountains, the ground gradually rising in a series of scarcely marked terraces."

Jack glanced ahead.

The aspect of the country was that of low hills, the valleys and plains intervening, the whole of a rocky or stony nature rather than sandy, although great patches of sand occurred here and there.

What little vegetation occurred on this sad, desolate waste was chiefly composed of weeds, scrub and heath, there being scarcely any grass and only a dwarfed and stunted tree here and there in the gorges and passes in the low, rocky ranges.

What little water there was there was bad and very bitter.

The wheels of the motor were admirably adapted to going over sand, although they did sink some, making their progress somewhat slower than it should have been.

While passing over the stony places the motor rattled and shook with a loud noise, but they continued to keep their lead on the pursuing buffaloes.

Jack now left the wheel in Tim's hands, and taking his fieldglass he went up on top of the turret and took a survey.

The cause of the alarm of the buffaloes then became apparent.

In back of them were a dozen natives of Talpia mounted on fleet-footed horses, who were pursuing the beasts, shooting them down with bows and arrows and blunderbusses.

It was impossible for the motor to turn off at an angle to escape the beasts as they had done in the case of the wild oxen, for they were now running along with the river on their left hand, and the lofty, steep cliffs of the hills on the right.

They therefore had to go straight ahead.

A cloud of dust and sand arose about the bellowing brutes, their cloven hoofs pounded the ground like the dull roar of distant artillery, and above these noises Jack faintly caught the occasional crack of a blunderbuss fired at the beasts.

Returning to the pilot-house, he told the rest what occa-

sioned the flight of the beasts; and pointing ahead at where some rank vegetation spread in from the river straight across the pass to the base of the cliffs, he said:

"You had better slacken speed here a trifle, Tim—it looks as if we were plunging headlong into a sort of jungle."

"Bless yer, yes," replied the old sailor, complying.

"Don't dat ground vhas look vet to yer, Schack?" queried Fritz.

"The sand of the jungle athwart our course?"

"Fer sure. Don'd yer see id alretty?"

"Oh, yes—so it is."

"Don't ve vhas runnin' into a swamps?"

"I hope not," anxiously replied the boy. "If we are the wheels may sink and stick and hold us here until those beasts bear down upon us."

"That would certainly be fatal," said Hopkins, anxiously.

The speed of the motor relaxed.

She rolled-ahead, however, and went dashing into the jungle grass, crushing it aside with her cowcatcher.

On the end of the cowcatcher there was a sharp spike, and as the machine flew through the jungle grass there came a sudden shock as the spike struck a short tree root.

It almost knocked the four explorers over. They saw what the trouble was in a moment, and glancing around as he shut off power, Jack observed that they stood on a bed of pure white sand covered by a sheet of crystal water.

But he saw something else.

The motor had run into a bed of quicksand.

It was sinking!

A cry of dismay burst from the boy's lips.

"See—see!" groaned he, pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Quicksand!" gasped Tim, in startled tones.

"Shdart her off gwick!" roared Fritz.

Jack put on power and the wheels began to strain, for they were tenaciously clutched by the treacherous sand and had begun to sink.

If they remained there they were bound to sink to their death in the treacherous ground.

Moreover, the buffaloes were fast approaching.

The moment those in front fell, the impetus of those crowding on behind would topple them over and there was every likelihood of all of them piling on top of the hapless motor.

In that event the Hurricane was sure to go to destruction.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOWN INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT.

On came the wild buffaloes toward the bed of quicksand into which the Hurricane had run, and the foremost of the lot rushed into it, splashing up the sand and water in great showers.

They were forced to come to a pause, as their hoofs and legs stuck fast, and a terrific uproar of bellows ensued, mingled with the clicking of their short, gleaming, white horns, and the clatter of their legs.

The hunters had stopped their pursuit some time before.

As soon as the front rank was brought to a pause so suddenly in the jungle grass, the onward rush of the rest was checked.

They came together with a mighty crash, like an ocean billow striking a precipice on shore, and were dashed in a struggling heap in back and all around the motor.

Jack and his friends anxiously watched them, fearful lest they might come down upon the Hurricane and demolish it.

Happily such a direful catastrophe was averted by the front rank of beasts effectually holding the rest in check.

Some of them got safely across the quicksand bed and ran away; others in back turned and retraced their steps, and some had to remain where they were, caught in the vise-like grip of the sand.

While the struggle of the buffaloes was going on in back of them, the crew of the motor observed that the machine was sinking in the sand, for the walking-beam could hardly turn the wheels.

"We have got to get out of here!" exclaimed Jack, with a frown. "I'm going to put on the full power."

"But the spike has struck itself into that tree-root," said Hopkins, "and it is holding the cowcatcher to this spot, tenaciously."

"Chop it free, then!" exclaimed the boy.

There were axes crossed on racks, outside, and Fritz ran

out, seized one, and got down upon the root holding the cowcatcher.

Wielding the axe vigorously, the Dutch boy sent the chips flying in all directions, and soon cut the spike free, whereupon he boarded the motor again.

"Led her go vonct!" he shouted, excitedly.

Jack not only put on the power of the magnet again, but added the strength of the deck horseshoes as well, and the wheels began to tug, strain and turn, and the machine dragged itself ahead slowly.

There was no going back among the buffaloes that were struggling in the quicksand, and as the bed was no more than fifty feet across, the boy had to drive the Hurricane further ahead into the pool.

One of the wheels sank to its hub; another, on the other side, rolled on the surface, and the front ones were half-buried.

Still the enormous power brought to bear upon the driving-wheels sent the motor cutting a way through the soft, yielding sand, and presently the body of the Hurricane got so low that it dragged in the water.

On, on, foot by foot, the motor forced itself by sheer strength, never remaining in one spot long enough to sink far down.

In this manner, after what seemed an age, they reached more solid ground again, and the machine forced itself out of its peril.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, delightedly. "We are out of the quicksand!"

His words aroused the rest, who were stupefied with dread.

"Lord save us!" gasped Tim, dancing an elephantine jig with his wooden leg. "I can't realize as we ain't swamped in that 'ere sandy quagmire."

"I know me vhy you vhas safed," said Fritz, meaningly.

"Wot d'yer mean by that?" growled the old salt, with a frown.

"You vhas born to be hung, alretty," grinned the Dutch boy.

The professor chuckled, and the motor dashed ahead, with the bright sun beating down, hotter and hotter, and left the southern cliffs behind.

Jack kept the Hurricane going along with the course of the river, and they merged out on the open desert again.

In a short time the quicksand bed and the wild buffaloes were left far behind them and out of sight.

A sharp lookout was kept ahead, however, for a repetition of the peril they had escaped, but nothing more was seen of any quicksand. The motor traveled along well in the broiling heat, up to the time when some lowering clouds arose, and the air became very cold.

Often before they had observed this sudden and startling change in the temperature, and instead of perspiring in loose, thin clothing, such as they had worn in the morning, they were glad enough to don their fur coats and caps to keep the biting cold out.

Another peculiar thing soon was seen.

A sun-bow appeared in the sky, looking like a rainbow, only in this instance the colors were all of different shades of red and purple.

Jack presently descried a shady place on the bank of the river, where some tamarisk trees grew among the rocks, directed the motor toward it, and told Fritz to prepare their luncheon.

He bought the Hurricane to a pause, close by the water's edge, and the Dutch boy set the table in the cage where Whiskers and Bismarck did everything in their power to interfere with him.

No sooner was the cloth laid than the monkey pulled it off.

"Donner vetter!" roared Fritz, returning from the storeroom with the dishes, and seeing what the monkey did. "Vot for you vhas done yourselluf dot?"

Whiskers crouched in a corner as innocently as a lamb, and Fritz rearranged the cloth and put the dishes on it, went back to the storeroom and Bismarck hopped up on the caster and spilled the contents of its cruets.

Down it fell with a crash, and away flew Bismarck under the table; back rushed Fritz, with an armful of food, and he raved:

"Ach, du lieber! Dot Vitskers vhas been der det ouf me alretty, makin' such foolishness by hisselluf somedimes! Dim! Dim! You olt shackasses, vhy you don't come in here and murder dot mongeys?"

He made a dive for Whiskers, who was intently scratching his head, when Jack, who had alighted from the motor, opened the rear door of the cage and peered in.

Whiskers took a flying leap out the door, over the boy's head.

A chatter of wild delight pealed from the little red rascal upon finding himself at liberty from the motor, and he scampered away into the bushes and shinned up a tree, where he vanished from view.

"The monkey has escaped!" cried Jack.

"By shiminey, I hope me dot he don't vhas neffer come back!" growled Fritz.

Tim came hobbling out, with a look of alarm on his rugged face.

"Whar is he? Whar is he?" cried the old sailor, in great dismay.

"Disappeared among the trees," replied Jack.

"Oh, Lord! I wouldn't lose ther blasted leetle lubber fer anything."

"Then come on and I'll help you to find him," laughed the boy.

Away they went among the shrubbery and, beating about, began to look for Whiskers, while the little wretch calmly swung from the branch of a tree overhead by his tail and watched them with twinkling eyes.

Tim went plunging among the foliage, and Jack worked his way down to the bank of the river, where he kept a sharp lookout.

He followed the course of the stream a short distance, and presently hearing a tremendous shaking of the branches overhead, he glanced up and saw Whiskers hanging to a limb, swaying back and forth over a small lagoon that came in from the river a few yards.

The monkey suddenly let go and flew through the air, landed on a rock on the opposite shore and disappeared from sight, like a flash.

Wondering what had become of him, Jack skirted the shore and ran around the rock, when an opening in it on the river side met his glance.

"It's a cavern, and he has fallen through a hole in the roof!" muttered Jack.

Within the aperture it was very dark.

He did not hesitate to step in, however.

But his foot did not touch a floor and, as a smothered cry of alarm pealed from the boy's lips, he felt himself go plunging, head-foremost, down into an unknown depth.

Down, down the young inventor-fell, into a yawning chasm, his head in a whirl, and his nerves drawn with dread.

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING A THIBETAN GOAT.

Unaware of what had befallen the young inventor, Tim went pushing his way through the shrubbery in quest of Whiskers, without finding any trace of the monkey.

The old sailor was very much alarmed about his pet, and his solitary eye bulged from its socket as he hunted about, roaring, hoarsely:

"Whiskers, ahoy! Whiskers, ahoy! Blast yer timbers, what's become o' yer? Whar hev yer stowed yerself, goldurn yer? Show yer colors, yer blasted swab, or I'll foul yer starn-post an' gi' yer ther cat—d'yer hear me?"

But the monkey did not respond, and from sheer disgust the old sailor was finally obliged to desist and come to a pause.

He squatted on the trunk of a fallen tree and glanced around, when, to his surprise, he saw a huge Thibetan goat come crashing through the bushes at one side and pause in front of him.

It had long, coarse, shaggy hair and crooked horns, a pair of ugly eyes and a fleecy tail.

The old tar was not armed, but he became excited at the prospect of fresh meat, and picking up a piece of fallen tree branch he hopped toward the animal, which recoiled against the bushes.

"Haul to thar, yer lubber!" roared Tim, flourishing his cudgel. "Drop yer bow anchor till I bombard yer riggin' fer a moment!"

The goat turned and plunged at the bushes to escape, but they withstood the charge stubbornly, and upon finding that it could not make off that way the animal was about to dart off at an angle when Tim reached it, with a hop, skip and a jump.

Whack! went his club down upon the goat's body, knocking the big beast over, and with a shout of joy the old mariner made a second plunge toward the animal.

Before he could reach the goat it got up again, turned on him and, rearing up into the air on its hind legs, it dashed at him and butted him, again and again.

Over and over rolled Tim, roaring and swearing at his shaggy antagonist, but the undaunted beast charged at him, again and again.

Bump! came its horns against Tim's back, just as he was on his knees in the act of getting up, and over he went again.

Thump! went another blow, catching him in the back of the neck as he recovered from the first blow, making him see stars.

Biff-bang! rattled in two more prods, spinning him around ere he could recover his breath, and then a volley of punches came along that doubled him up, straightened him out, and nearly broke him to pieces as the goat pranced all around him.

"Murder!" roared Tim, kicking and striking out with his fists. "Stop a-makin' a football o' me, yer sheepshanked ole backstay!"

The goat seemed to realize that it had Tim at its mercy and kept on butting him around, when the half-exhausted and desperate old fellow made a wild jump and seized the beast by its horns.

A tug-of-war began.

The goat pulled one way and Tim the other.

Getting up, the old sailor now exerted himself.

Around and around they flew, crashing through the bushes, kicking up the sand in clouds and struggling with might and main.

The goat became terrified now that Tim attacked it, and was making every effort to get away from the old sailor.

By this time, however, Tim's wrath had arisen.

He swore to himself that he would conquer the goat or perish, to get satisfaction out of it for the way it had been punishing him.

In a moment a terrific struggle was going on, for the goat was as strong as Tim, and the old sailor had regained his breath and was nerved up to fight with a vengeful feeling.

He found it hard to keep on his foot, on account of his wooden leg, but he finally managed to overturn the struggling beast.

Down he went on top of it with all his weight, when the peculiar fight was kept up with unabated violence.

The goat now got its horns entangled in Tim's jacket, and, tearing itself free from his hands, began to toss its head savagely to disentangle itself, when Tim's head was slammed down upon the ground, with great violence, stunning him.

He uttered a groan and lost his senses.

As limp and pale as if he had died, the old sailor lay on the ground, and the goat, backing and shaking its head to free its horns, gradually dragged him over to the shelving river bank.

Here the beast fought, madly, to liberate itself, dragging the unconscious sailor about from one place to another, until at last there sounded one ear-splitting rip.

Tim's jacket was tearing.

With another desperate shake, the goat tore its horns free, ribboning Tim's jacket and gashing his hip.

For an instant the snorting beast stood over its victim, with head erect, and a wild, startled expression in its eyes; then it went scampering away.

Into an opening in the dense bushes it plunged, with a crackling of snapping twigs, and away it bounded, glad of its freedom, and sped rapidly away.

The last shaking up it had given Tim was fatal.

It sent the old sailor's body rolling down the steep embankment of the river with appalling velocity.

And a moment afterward Tim struck the water.

There came a tremendous splash, the water flew up in a shower, and the next moment the body of the senseless man was in the river.

Over he rolled, and an instant afterward he was plunged into a depth great enough to drown him had he been standing up.

The water closed over his head.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RUNAWAY.

Fritz and Hopkins, utterly unconscious of the danger into which their friends were being led by Whiskers, had remained aboard of the Hurricane, preparing supper.

The young inventor had perfected a small cooking stove

that was heated by electricity from the accumulator jars that operated the big magnet, and it was on this arrangement that the Dutch boy was enabled to prepare their meals.

When Jack and Tim disappeared, a broad grin overspread the Dutch boy's face, and he remarked to Hopkins:

"Veil, I hope dot son-of-a-sea-gook don't vhas got caught."

"You mean Whiskers, I presume?" queried Hopkins.

"Fer sure, I do. Didn't you vhas seen how he bull me dot dable gloths off by der vloer vonct? Den he vhas knock me over der ganister next, und I tink so if I led him geep on mit his foolishness he vhas proke all der dishes afterward, alretty."

"It was Bismarck who upset the canister—I saw him," said Hopkins.

"Vot! Dot barrots? Holy Chee! You don't sait so?"

"Yes, indeed, so you see you was wrong in part about the monkey."

"Veil, I tink so neider. Bismarck, you bottle-nosed oldt tief, vhy yer didn't dolt me dot, so I could proke your chaw alretty?"

"Cork up!" growled the parrot, grumpily, as it ruffled up its feathers and waddled across the floor. "I'm the devil! I'm the devil! Oh, cur-r-r! Polly! Murder! Fire! Rats! Rats! Rats!"

The professor could not refrain from laughing at the incoherent gabble of the bird, which now disappeared into the cook's galley adjoining.

Having set the table and put the food on to cook, Fritz went out into the pilothouse and glanced around to see if he could see any signs of Jack and Tim returning.

They were then invisible.

"I guess so dot dey vent by der voods alretty," muttered Fritz, "und vhen dey come diersellufs beck, dose dinners vhas been like icepergs und not fit to be eaten oup."

Like all good cooks, Fritz wanted the meals eaten when they were ready, and he turned, grumbling, from the windows and went into the stateroom, where he lifted the floor and examined the batteries.

They required replenishing with fresh chemicals, and the Dutch boy arose, went to a closet and took some out.

He filled the battery jars, examined the wires, and refilled the self-feeding lubricators with oil for the machinery bearings.

When this was done he went into the pilothouse, to try the machinery, and to his amazement he saw Whiskers squatting there on a settee.

The mischievous monkey had just come back from among the trees, hopped in through the window, and, with an humble look of meek repentance, he sat there watching Fritz out of the corners of his eyes.

"Holy shmoke!" gasped Fritz. "If here vhasn'd dot mon-gey!"

Whiskers uttered a low chirp and blinked.

"Und dere vhas Shack und Dim oudt a-loogin' fer yer!" continued the Dutch boy, shaking his fingers reprovingly at the little beast, "Where ver vhas been alretty, und vot made yer come back, yer snoozer?"

Whiskers began to hunt fleas by way of reply, and Fritz grinned and shouted to Hopkins:

"Berfesser—vot you think? Dot Vhiskers vhas come beck vonct!"

"Indeed!" replied Hopkins, entering and looking at the monkey.

"Und don't ve vhas better call Shack und Dim beck also?"

"I'll give them a hail," said Hopkins going out of the door.

Fritz fastened the wheel with rope braces, keenly watched by the monkey, and in order to see if the machinery was in good working order, after his work on the jars and wires, he turned the lever, starting the motor ahead.

The walking-beam began to operate, and the Hurricane ran ahead a short distance, when Fritz reversed the lever.

"She vented all righd," was his comment.

Then he left the pilothouse and joined Hopkins, who had descended to the ground and was yelling for Jack and Tim.

No reply was given, and the professor repeated his calls, while Fritz crept under the motor and examined the machinery.

Hopkins began to look worried.

"They must have gone a long distance away, as they fail to hear my voice," said he, anxiously. "What shall I do, Fritz?"

"I tink ve vhas petter go und loog for 'em, berfesser," replied the Dutch boy, creeping out from under the machine.

"That is easily done. See here, they've left a plain trail behind."

He pointed down at the sand in which there was some foot-prints plainly marked, and started off, followed by Fritz.

They trailed the boy and the sailor in this manner, Fritz keeping on Tim's track and Hopkins pursuing Jack.

Off went Fritz to the north and the professor to the west.

When the Dutch boy drew near the river he heard the fearful noise of the fight between Tim and the goat.

"Ach! vot's dot?" grunted Fritz, pausing and listening. "It vhas sounded yust like a vild pull buckin' a blank fence."

Locating the sound, he started ahead and presently came out of the thicket close to the river, when his glance fell upon the senseless figure of Tim, and the goat tearing its horns free of his clothes.

"Donner und blitzen!" yelled Fritz, petrified with astonishment. "It will puck der liver oudt of him alretty."

Just then the goat ran away and Tim rolled into the river.

With an extraordinary jump for such a heavyweight, Fritz went over the bushes and, landing in the clearing, he made a rush for the water's edge.

He reached it just as Tim sank out of sight.

The next moment Fritz plunged into the river, head-first, and, clutching his old friend by the hair, brought him to the surface and dragged him ashore.

Fritz was winded by the exertion and drenched by the water.

But he was very well satisfied.

Revived by the water, Tim opened his eyes presently and stared around in bewilderment, not knowing, for a moment, where he was.

As soon as he came to a realization of his position, however, he sat bolt upright, glared around and roared, angrily:

"Whar is that goat?"

"Scooted," replied Fritz, laconically.

"How did we git so wet, my lad?"

"I vhas bulled you oudt by de vater, vhere der goat bucked yer."

"Lord save yer, Fritz, I'm mighty glad yer arrived in time," heartily said Tim, and, arising, he explained what had befallen him, and heard that Whiskers had returned, safe and sound to the Hurricane.

"Hopkins vhas soon foundt Shack und brung him beck," said Fritz, "so et vhas petter to redurn oursellufs to der modor alretty."

"Ay, ay! I'm itchin' ter git my flippers on Whiskers, an' give him a spankin'," growled Tim, "fer leadin' us on sich a wild-goose chase."

They proceeded back toward the Hurricane.

In the meantime the monkey had been cutting up a prank.

He had carefully watched Fritz manipulate the starting lever, and being like all monkeys, exceedingly imitative, Whiskers had sprung upon the lever-board and turned the starting lever, which was very easily moved.

To his alarm the Hurricane began to travel, and with a squeak he flew out of the pilot-house, into the stateroom and hid under a berth.

Gathering speed, the motor rushed ahead at full speed, and her wheel being fastened she ran straight ahead.

There was no one to manage her, and off on the vast desert she flew, just as Tim and Fritz appeared.

A cry of dismay pealed from their lips, simultaneously.

"Ther motor's a-runnin' away!" roared Tim.

"Ach! Who done id?" raved Fritz, in horror. "Come fer her!"

"'Tain't no use. We can't catch her, a-goin' at sich speed!" groaned Tim.

They both stood staring blankly after the runaway motor.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIDDEN BY THE WIND.

Jack plunged down into the pit, a distance of fifteen feet under the rock, toward which he saw the monkey jump from the tree.

A cry of alarm pealed from the boy's lips, and he struck the bottom of the dark shaft, when there sounded a tremendous splash of water.

The liquid, which evidently drained in from the river, broke his fall, and although he sank a few feet he instantly ascended again.

Panting, confused and breathless, the boy swam in the gloom and soon found that he was within an extensive cav-

ern, the floor of which was inundated a long distance in every direction.

Jack could swim like a fish.

But it was so dark down in that mysterious pit that he could not see his hand before his eyes, and he bumped into a wall of solid stone before he knew it and bruised his face.

Eagerly he felt along the rocky barrier, but his heart sank when he found that it was as smooth as a sheet of ice.

"In heaven's name, where have I fallen?" he gasped.

Proceeding foot by foot, he felt along the face of the rock, but failed to find any means of getting out until he finally sounded the water and found it shoaling under his feet.

He was soon able to stand, submerged to his neck, and rested his tired arms while he walked up into shallower water.

Within a few minutes the boy emerged upon a rocky shore of the underground lake and sat down to rest himself.

He had no matches or other light with him, so had to put up with the dense gloom that filled the place.

The boy had not been there long when he heard a terrific yell up over his head, followed by the clatter of falling stones and gravel.

Springing to his feet, very much startled, he listened intently.

"Good Lord!" he heard some one exclaim. "What an escape! One step more and I would have been precipitated down into that abyss."

"Hopkins!" cried Jack, involuntarily, as he recognized the voice.

"Hey?" returned the professor, who heard him. "Who mentioned my name?"

"It is I—Jack Wright!" the boy shouted.

"Oh! Your voice startled me. Where are you?"

"Down in the pit."

"Good gracious! Then I followed your trail, after all."

"Can't you help me to get up out of here?"

"Of course I can. Wait until I return to the Hurricane for a rope."

The professor went away upon saying this, and an interval of silence followed, during which Jack patiently waited.

Fritz and Tim returned with Hopkins, and when the professor hailed the young inventor he said:

"It is impossible to get a rope from the motor, Jack."

"Why not?" demanded the boy, in surprise.

"Because Tim and Fritz just left it and it got started somehow and ran away over the desert, with no one on board but the parrot and monkey."

Jack gave a violent start and turned pale.

"The motor ran away?" he muttered, in alarm.

"What has become of it the Lord only knows," said Hopkins, dolefully.

"Help me to get out of here," said Jack, after a pause.

"Make a line of your clothing. I can't stay here forever."

"All right. Get ready and in a few moments we'll lower it to you."

Jack plunged into the water and swam along the wall to a point which he judged to be underneath the place where his friends stood, and after a short hunt found the line they had extemporized.

"Hoist away!" he exclaimed, seizing hold of it.

By climbing he aided his friends, but he had only got halfway to the top when one of the knots parted and down he fell again into the water, with a loud splash.

His friends fell, too, but none of them was hurt.

As soon as they saw what had occurred to the rope they added more garments, saw that it was secure, and lowered it again.

Jack had been shaken up by his fall, but he soon got hold of the line of clothing again, and going more cautiously this time, he managed to get up out of the shaft among his friends.

Tim, Fritz and Hopkins put on their clothes, as Jack had brought up the coat that had parted from the rest of the line, and they went back to the spot where the motor had been standing.

Although they looked in every direction, nothing was to be seen of the Hurricane, except the track she left in the sand.

The raw cold of the afternoon had set in and chilled the four explorers to the marrow in their insufficient and wet clothing.

Every one seemed to look to Jack to find a means of getting them out of their trouble, and so expressed themselves.

As it was too cold to stand still, they started off briskly on

the trail of the runaway motor, and pursued it till the shadows of twilight began to fall.

Then a most disastrous and unexpected thing occurred.

Up to the present time the weather had been calm and cold, but now the wind arose to a gale and began to blow the sand about in great clouds.

To Jack's dismay, he saw the tracks of the motor becoming very much obliterated every moment.

Soon they disappeared entirely, hidden by the wind blowing the sand.

Our friends now had to go ahead haphazard, for they had no trail to follow, and began to despair of ever finding the lost Hurricane.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MONKEY WORK.

The moon rode in the clear sky at midnight, when our friends came to within a league of an oasis in the desert when a small ass, which had been lying on the sand, attracted their attention.

Jack was determined to catch him, and made a dash for the little beast, which must have strayed from its owners, when up went its heels and came within an inch of the young inventor's skull.

He got out of the way in time to escape getting kicked.

The four surrounded the braying beast, which made an effort to get away, but the deep, yielding sand at that point prevented the ass making swift headway.

Jack reached its head and, grasping its neck, sprang astride of its back, amid the laughs, yells and applause of his friends. Then the beast began to snort, kick up its heels and fly around in an effort to dislodge him, but the boy stuck on like glue.

"Hurrah! I've got him!" he laughed.

"Can't you fix some sort of a bridle to manage him?" queried Hopkins.

"I will if I get him quiet for a moment," panted the boy.

But the plunging beast sent the sand flying up in clouds, and finally got out of the particularly soft spot where they captured him.

As soon as he had a firmer footing he stopped trying to get rid of the boy, who now grasped his long ears and away he ran at the top of his speed for the oasis, kicking up the sand in showers.

"Whoa!" shouted Jack, tugging at his ears.

The rest roared with laughter, for the little beast plunged ahead like a streak, and despite all Jack's efforts to stop the ass it carried him away at breakneck speed.

On over the desert of Gobi sped the tough, wiry little creature, and never paused until it got among the scant vegetation and stunted trees. It carried the boy away from his friends, who came running after it as fast as they could follow.

The oasis was composed of hills, vales and rocks, and as soon as the ass got among them it came to a sudden pause, humping up its back like a bucking broncho, and shot Jack in the air.

Down he fell into a mass of sand, and with a triumphant bray the beast galloped off and disappeared behind a hill.

Jack arose ruefully to his feet, shook the sand from his clothes and glanced around, only to see that he had lost the beast again.

"Let the beggar go!" he muttered. "I won't be bothered with him any more."

He was just about to signal his approaching friends when he heard the voices of men near by and, very much surprised, went to the top of an adjacent sandhill and looked down on the other side.

"The motor!" he exclaimed. "Surrounded by men, too!"

Sure enough, there stood the Hurricane with the cow-catcher pressing against a hill of ice on the side of a small lake, fed by a spring in the middle of the oasis.

The wheels were yet flying around, but it could go no further.

It was surrounded by a dozen men of the Tang-chang tribe, of short stature, strong, slender-limbed, with oblique, black eyes, large mouths, brown hair, smooth faces, ruddy brown complexion and mild manners.

Upon the window-ledge sat the monkey and parrot.

Whiskers was chattering and howling and the Tang-changs were wildly gesticulating, loudly talking and prostrating

themselves in front of the monkey, as if they revered it very much.

Jack saw at once that the jackass on which he had ridden must belong to these people and, assured that he would not get into any trouble, he boldly ran down the hill toward the Hurricane.

The natives ran away and hid among the rocks at his approach, and he boarded the motor, Whiskers and Bismarck scampering inside at his approach.

The boy shut off power and the walking-beam stopped.

A rapid examination of the machine failed to show any damage, and the boy returned to the pilot-house to start the motor off when he saw the natives peering at him from behind the rocks, hills and bushes on all sides, as if very much frightened.

Reversing the engine, Jack drove the Hurricane out on the desert, and was met by his friends with cheer after cheer.

They hastily got aboard of the Hurricane, and leaving the oasis Jack drove her along the desert again, regardless of the natives.

On went the motor, and just as the first gray streaks of dawn broke in the eastern sky they left the desert of Gobi and ran out on terra firma once more, not far from a settlement.

Jack drove the motor toward it to find out what sort of a place it was.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURED BY SAVAGES.

The road over which the motor now ran can best be described by taking a sheet of paper, crumpling it in the hand, then spread it out.

From the point where the motor ran from the desert there rose a number of staging places, called tarjums, under the charge of a palno, who is bound to provide yaks and other beasts of burden for carrying the mails, impressing them from the nomads encamped near the station.

The road was cleared away as much as possible, the loose stones placed in narrow defiles on each side and surmounted by flags on sticks where the track was liable to get lost by travelers.

A cold, cutting wind was sweeping across the land, the streams they encountered were frozen over, and ice and snow strewn the road.

A snowstorm began and the sun remained hidden.

"Shall I steer straight on for the town?" queried Tim.

"Make a detour. I'll go ahead alone to reconnoiter."

"Aye, then I'll haul to among yonder trees," said the old sailor.

He turned the motor from the main road and ran her under the shelter of a grove of hardy-looking trees, where she came to a pause.

They had breakfast here, and Jack and Fritz slept till noon.

By that time the snowstorm had become blinding, and everything was covered with a mantle of white flakes.

After dinner, Jack armed himself, gave his friends some instructions, and left the motor to visit the town.

As the boy passed around the rocks he was amazed to observe a number of Remepu savages dash out of several large holes in which they lived and rush toward him with the fleetness of racehorses, and with the most hostile looks.

They had thick, dark skin, were strongly built, and apparently well fed.

They were clad in skins, and lived in caves and dens, or under shelter of overhanging rocks.

Being ignorant of the use of arms of the chase, these people lie in wait for their prey near the springs of water or salt flats, and were such fleet runners that horses with difficulty overtake them.

They knew how to kindle fires with flint, and flay animals they killed with sharp-edged stones.

Before Jack could draw a weapon a stone was flung at him, which knocked him senseless, and when he revived he found himself fastened with a tough vine to a rock, within a dark, gloomy cavern. His hands were not tied very tight, however.

A consultation was going on among the Remepus, who were in dread of white men, to decide how they could dispose of the boy, and after it was settled that the hair should be plucked from his head in order to facilitate transmigration, they began to choose between burning him, throwing him into the river, or exposing him to the birds of prey.

The last-named mode, regarded as honorable, is still practised in the central and eastern provinces of Thibet, save that the body is sometimes cut to pieces, the bones broken into fragments, flung in the river and the phalanges of the fingers of the victims are preserved to be used as bead-rolls.

In some cases the body is burned in a metal vessel, the ashes being afterwards carefully collected, to be made into an image of the deceased.

In the midst of the wrangle Jack managed to slip his arms free of his loose bonds and, unseen by the savages, cut his ankles loose with his knife.

The next moment he bounded to his feet with a pistol in each hand, and the Remepus saw that he had revived and meditated escape.

Fully a score of them were in the cavern, and they ran, with all their noted swiftness, toward the dauntless boy.

Jack was prepared for them now, however, for, pressing his back against the wall to guard against the attack in the rear, he opened fire upon the savages, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

CHAPTER XX.

HUNTING A DEER.

A shower of stones, flung by the savages, came flying about the gallant young inventor, some of them striking him, painfully, and others banging against the wall in back of him.

He never flinched, however, but kept on firing his revolver, and shot after shot burst in the midst of the Remepus.

Down the dark-skinned natives fell, and with the first terrible explosion of the bomb-like bullets, the rest took fright and recoiled.

No sooner was the first pistol emptied when Jack drew the other and continued the rapid fusillade, driving his enemies out of the cave.

His head ached from the blow on the forehead he received from the stone one of the Remepus fired, but once he gained an advantage of the savages he followed it up and got out of the cavern himself.

The dark fellows were thoroughly frightened by his weapon, and when the boy moved away toward the town none of them offered to follow or molest him.

Covered with snow, Jack soon reached the settlement and found it inhabited by civilized people, who treated him with deference.

Accordingly, he went back to the Hurricane, explained what had happened, and while his friends were talking over his escape from the Remepus, he drove the motor into the settlement.

The people there were Chinese-Tartars.

Every one expressed the utmost curiosity for the motor, and our explorers put themselves on very friendly terms with every one.

They remained at Koulan a few days to recover from the severe hardships which they had passed through, and spent a pleasant time, Hopkins studying the manners and customs of the people.

It was then decided to push on through the Kingan Mountains to Saghalian Oula, go down the Amour River and take a boat for Yeddo, from where they could catch a steamer bound for San Francisco.

Having thus mapped their course our friends took leave of the people in the staging-place and, armed with directions how to proceed to the best advantage, they set out.

Everybody in Koulan turned out to see our friends off and, heading the Hurricane for the mountain pass, Jack soon left this last mark of civilization out of sight.

The snow was rather deep, but the cowcatcher cleared away all that encumbered the onward process of the machine.

Late in the afternoon they reached the mountain pass and the Hurricane rolled into it, Tim singing a rollicking sea song, and Fritz playing the tune on his squeaky old accordion.

Jack was delighted with the success of his trip this far as it had given them an insight to an unexplored country, upon which the march of civilization had made but tardy headway.

"When we return to the States," the boy remarked to Hopkins, who was sorting over some relics which he had gathered here and there, "the civilized world will be astonished at the nature of our discoveries when we make our journal public property."

"Bless me!" beamingly answered the professor, "you don't know what a fund of instructive matter I have gathered, Jack. It is astonishing. But the danger we have undergone was so great that I don't believe I'll venture on any more of these very hazardous trips."

The motor now ran through a vast gorge in the valley and a dull gloom settled down over the scene.

Tim went out on the front platform with a spyglass and swept the landscape ahead, keenly, with his solitary eye, when a beautiful antelope bounded down from the rocks across the motor's path.

It paused some distance away and gazed back at the rushing motor, with a startled expression in its soft, melting eyes.

"Blow me, but that's a trim little craft!" admiringly said Tim.

"A deer!" ejaculated the boy, his eyes sparkling. "The first I've seen."

"Mutter of crasious!" gasped Fritz. "Where's mine gun alretty?"

"Too late," laughed Hopkins. "There he goes, running."

The deer sped away, nimbly, over the rough road, and as there was no means of escaping from the gorge it kept straight ahead.

On ran the motor, after it, keeping an even distance in pursuit.

Tim took the wheel presently and steered the Hurricane along the smoothest places, avoiding rocks, trees, bushes and other obstructions with consummate skill born of long practice.

Jack got down his rifle from its rack on the wall and loaded it.

"If we get near enough to that fellow again," he remarked, with a smile, "we shall have venison steaks for supper, Fritz."

Several miles were thus passed over, and the deer ran out of the gorge upon a well-defined path that wound along the base of the towering mountains, still followed by the Hurricane.

Here, however, the beast sprang into a wood and vanished.

Jack had an eager, impatient look upon his face.

"Tim, stop the motor, will you? I want to get a crack at that deer."

"Ay, ay, lad; but don't yer git lost in them 'ere woods," said the old sailor rapidly complying.

"Vell, I go mit yer," said Fritz shouldering his rifle.

They alighted, and Jack saw that the wind was blowing from the direction of the wood into which the deer had gone, by which he knew that they could approach the beast without it scenting them.

Stealing cautiously in among the trees, they passed along, and presently came out on the border of a beautiful lake, covered by a sheet of ice all over, save where a mountain torrent gushed into it.

There, standing on the brink, was the deer, among some fallen tree branches, long reeds and oozing mud, stooping its head to drink.

It seemed to apprehend its danger for it lifted its graceful head and, looking around, saw Jack raising his rifle to his shoulder.

Away it sprang, swiftly, and dashed out upon the ice.

Jack fired while it was running.

True to its mark sped the fatal ball.

Up into the air bounded the deer and when it fell it was dead.

They ran out upon the frozen lake and, reaching the carcass, Jack pulled out his knife and bled it, skinned it, and the choicest parts were cut off and they shouldered them.

Off they started for shore again, when the boy observed that the ice they now strode over was swaying, or what boys call "pompny."

"Look out, Fritz," said he, in warning tones, "it's dangerous here."

"Come ower by der side where ve came on der ice," suggested Fritz.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there sounded a report like a pistol shot, and a tremendous crack appeared in the ice.

"Run!" shouted Jack, starting off.

"Too late alretty!" groaned Fritz, trying to follow him.

Beneath their feet the ice had been swaying up and down, and they had not taken five steps when, with a crash, it broke through.

Up splashed the water and broken ice, and down through the gaping hole fell the two boys.

CHAPTER XXI.

DESERTED.

Fritz was more fortunate than Jack, for his hat clutched the edge of the solid ice and he thus protected himself falling all the way into the water of the lake.

There he clung, with wild desperation, bawling at the top of his voice for help, and Jack sank beneath the icy water out of his sight.

Fritz looked around to see the boy reappear.

But Jack remained invisible.

A horrible suspicion that he was drowned flashed over Fritz's mind.

One minute—two—three—four—five passed, and still no sign of Jack.

It was impossible for any human being, unprotected, to remain under water for such a length of time without breathing and live.

In a veritable panic now, Fritz struggled to pull himself up on top of the ice, but in his struggles he broke the edges, fell back in the water, floundered around and finally caught hold again.

Once more his struggles were renewed.

Now he succeeded in getting up out of the hole and lay, panting, on the ice, recovering his strength and breath.

Then he arose to his feet and glared around.

"Shack! Shack!" he roared, in a panic of alarm. "Where you vhas?"

No reply came back but the hollow echo of his frantic voice, which the moaning wind carried over the frozen lake.

Tears sprang to the Dutch boy's eyes.

He scarcely had courage enough to go back to the motor to tell the rest what had befallen the boy, for he knew that their grief would be as great as his own.

"Fritz!"

"Eh! Vot?"

"Fritz!"

"Who call me den?"

The Dutch boy bounded to his feet and glared around.

His name had been uttered in smothered tones, so low as to sound like a whisper, but he did not see any one, and a cold, creepy feeling went up his back as the idea of a ghost entered his mind.

"Fritz!" came the voice again.

"Shimanettys!" gasped the startled Dutch boy, turning pale.

This time he faintly located the sound and, glancing down at his feet, he saw the face of Jack outlined underneath the transparent ice beneath him.

A cry of amazement pealed from Fritz's lips.

He realized at once that Jack had come up under the ice and thus was unable to get out.

As the ice on this frozen lake touched the water beneath, Fritz could not see where the boy's head could get between the two elements at all, until upon a closer examination he observed that there was a hole in the ice over Jack's face, and saw that the boy's head was in a concave hollow.

The admission of air through the hole had caused this hollow to form, and the boy had been lucky enough to come up within it, whereby he got air enough to breathe.

Fritz was astounded.

He gave a yell of delight.

"Shack! Shack!" he shouted.

"Save me!" came the smothered reply.

The boy was evidently sustaining himself in his present position by treading water, as there was no hold to be gained on the slipper vice underneath by his hands, and he must now half exhausted.

Jack's location was at least five yards from the opening through which he had fallen, Fritz saw at a glance, and the ice over his head was too thick to break without implements.

For a moment Fritz was at a loss what to do to aid him; then he pondered a moment and, stooping down over the small opening through which the young inventor got air, he yelled:

"I show you der hole vere yer vhas fell troo——"

"Yes, yes!"

"Und you schvinn back dere?"

"I will try," came the low reply.

"Den go dis vay!" said Fritz.

He walked toward the hole and, watching Jack through the ice, saw him glide along under water after him quite rapidly.

The boy reached the opening and came to the surface.

In a moment more Fritz pulled him out and he lay, panting and drenched, beside his Dutch friend for some time.

"Safe!" he gasped. "Fritz, I was nearly gone that time, old boy."

"I thought so neider," assented the fat boy, nodding, "but der vorstest bart of id vhas dot ve lost der wenison meat alretty."

"Den led us got away from here righd away qwick so notings else vhas habben to us, Shack," said Fritz, picking up the remains of the deer and their rifles, which had fallen upon the ice.

They followed their own trail back, and soon reached their destination on the side of the hill.

But to their astonishment the motor was gone.

"In heaven's name, why have they deserted us?" exclaimed Jack, frowning.

Fritz shook his head, for he was troubled with great misgivings.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

"The motor has left a plain trail; let us follow it," said Jack.

They started ahead to the eastward and went down the hill, around a bend and passed into a forest into which the road ran.

Suddenly Jack paused and held up his hand, with a startled exclamation:

"Hark! What is that?" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Gunshots!" muttered Fritz, as several reports reached his ears.

"Our friends, too, no doubt," said the boy, uneasily.

"Let's run und vound oudt vot's der metter."

Acting upon this suggestion they sped ahead, and, rounding a bend in the road, saw the motor standing among the trees, while racing around her were a number of mounted Tartars—a thieving, malicious tribe.

"They're in trouble!" exclaimed Jack, examining his rifle.

"Den come on und helb 'em!" said the combative Dutch boy, eagerly.

They advanced towards the Tartars, who were discharging their long-barreled rifles at the motor, while Tim and Hopkins from within the machine returned the shots with compound interest.

There were a score of wild riders.

Imagining that reinforcements were coming to the occupants of the motor, they scattered and fled.

That was Jack's chance, and, shouting to Fritz to follow him, they made a dash for the motor and reached it in safety.

Getting aboard, and locking themselves in with the sailor and the professor, they sprang to the loopholes and combined their rifles with those of Tim and Hopkins.

Several rounds were fired at the Tartars, who obstinately hung around and returned the shots.

"They are dogged wretches!" exclaimed Jack. "How came you to get into trouble with them, anyway, professor?"

"While awaiting your return," replied Hopkins, "I found one of them sneaking out of the rear door of the motor, laden with things he had stolen, and I gave him a shot, wounded him, caused him to drop the things and run, howling. His

friends were concealed near by, and came to his help, when a running fight ensued between us, as we wanted to lure them away from you and Fritz. For had they met you outside the motor, unprepared for them, they might have murdered you."

"I'll break up their persistence with the gun!" said Jack.

He loaded the piece and sent a shot flying at the nomads, with such disastrous effect that some of them were blown to pieces.

That settled the matter.

Panic-stricken, the rest fled for their lives.

They put on dry garments, and Fritz prepared an excellent repast for them with the remains of the deer which they had saved.

As soon as supper was finished, Jack returned to the pilot-house and started the motor onward again.

The Hurricane's searchlight was started when darkness fell, and the four explorers took turns all night at the wheel.

In the morning the Kingan Mountains were left behind them, and a run of two hundred miles followed, when they reached the city of Saghalian Oula on the river Amour.

It was a sombre place, filled with Chinese, Russians and Japanese, but it contained many gaily-painted temples, and there was a great quadrangle containing the government buildings, surrounded by palisades in double rows.

Paper lanterns hung across the street, and fantastic figures of dragons cut in paper were fixed to poles above the shops.

Here the journey of the Hurricane was ended.

Our friends dissected the machine and packed it up, shipped it on a river boat bound for the island of Saghalian, took passage with it, and next day they were carried along the river.

In due time they reached their destination, and there took a ship for Yeddo, with the monkey and parrot and all their traps.

Arrived there, without accident, passage was secured for California, and they safely made the trip across the Pacific to San Francisco.

Here they took an eastbound train, and, with no further incident, arrived in Wrightstown, and their long journey was ended.

A grand ovation was tendered to the quartette by all the citizens of the village, and the motor was stored away in Jack's spacious shop-loft.

Hopkins then parted from them and returned to New York.

He had a grand array of botanical, zoological, geological and other information for the societies he represented, besides a fund of geographical data for the U. S. Government.

Jack was reimbursed for the expense of his great exploring trip by the government, and when the contents of his journal became known the countries of Cashmere, Thibet, Chinese Tartary and other places he passed through in the Hurricane were not a matter of mystery any longer.

The boy was satisfied with the result of his trip in every way, as it had given him a fund of scientific knowledge, unbounded pastime and an experience that would ever be of benefit to him in future.

He and Tim and Fritz soon resumed the even tenor of their ways, and the boy went on inventing newer ideas which had suggested themselves to his mind, the result of which we hope to show you in the near future.

Whiskers and Bismarck remained as unfriendly to each other as ever, and so, for the present, we must part from our characters and bring our story to an end, as the desired results were attained and every one was happy.

Next week's issue will contain "LOT 77; or, SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER."

CURRENT NEWS

One of the most beautiful of the early lighthouses, and the first tower in a sea-swept position, was Cordouan light on the coast of France at the entrance to the River Gironde, says the Indianapolis News. It was built in 1611, and, although it has been remodelled, some of the original structure is still there, more than 200 feet high.

Conservation of binding twine used in the postal service is urged upon postmasters by the Post-Office Department because of the abnormal increase in price. A department statement suggests that a considerable saving may be effected if twine on incoming mail packages is saved and used again. The 55,000 post-offices in the United States require each year 680,000 miles of jute twine, weighing 2,000,000 pounds, which it is estimated would encircle the globe twenty-seven times.

The fact that a cow can live seven days without water has been proved on the farm of James Fogarty, south of Anderson, Ind., where a cow became a prisoner under a stack of straw and was found weak, but still alive. In the night before the cow disappeared and Mr. Fogarty notified Sheriff Black that it had been stolen. This morning a second cow was found missing. A search under a straw stack that had toppled over disclosed both animals underneath. The cow that got under the stack first was penned in on all sides and compelled to stand for seven full days and subsist on straw without a drop of water. It will live.

A peculiar incident in connection with a collision between two automobiles is reported from the Lyons district of Hamlin County, S. D. The two autos collided with such force that the occupants of both cars, with the exception of a twelve-year-old boy, were thrown from the cars to the ground. The boy at the time of the collision was asleep in the back seat of the smaller of the two cars. After the collision those thrown from the car looked around for him, finding him in the front seat of the car. The boy was yet asleep and on being awakened could not explain how he had made the flying leap from the back to the front seat.

Capt. C. G. Rawling, a member of the British expedition that explored Dutch New Guinea, describes what may be the greatest unbroken precipice in the world. It runs, he says, for a distance of eighty miles from Mount Carstenz westward to the Charles Louis Mountains. Its greatest sheer height is at Mount Leonard Darwin. The explorers were never in a position to measure with the theodolite a sheer height of this immense precipice exceeding 6,500

feet, but from many views obtained of it while he was climbing Captain Rawling has no hesitation in stating that the greatest perpendicular height is not less than 10,000 feet or almost exactly two miles.

Art has been added to the scope of the activities of the officials of the Canal Zone, as indicated by this announcement in the Panama Canal Record: "The bronze statue of Christopher Columbus and the Indian maiden which has stood in front of the de Lesseps Building at Cristobal Point, and overlooking the Atlantic entrance to the French canal prior to the erection of Docks 9 and 10 on the adjacent waterfront, has been moved to the grounds of the Washington Hotel and is to be erected in the yard facing toward the Atlantic. The statue was presented by the Empress Eugenie of France to the United States of Columbia, and was accepted by the Congress of Columbia through a decree dated June 29, 1866."

Five million copies of Congressman Tavener's speeches against preparedness were franked by him, at a cost to the treasury of the \$490,000 that should have been paid for postage. Three million copies of the Tavener speeches were sent in packages to various persons throughout the United States, who were asked to address the franked envelopes which accompanied the speeches and mail them to their friends. This was the grossest abuse of the franking privilege. Not content with this, Tavener sent letters urging other individuals to send for more speeches that might be franked out. Tavener, his secretary and his clerk, all of whose salaries were paid by the government, devoted a great part of their time to this franking campaign.

It is believed that Sayaji, the Rajah of Baroda, is the possessor of wealth equal, if not superior to that of John D. Rockefeller. He was educated in an English university, and his people are well governed. Much of his vast riches is in the form of precious stones. His wife owns the most famous diamond necklace in the world. It is worth \$12,000,000, and is made up of 200 stones, each the size of a hazelnut. She also has a collarette of 500 perfect diamonds, none less than twenty karats. In the treasure chamber is a carpet four square yards in surface, made up entirely of ropes of diamonds, pearls and rubies. It required \$4,000,000 worth of gems and three years of labor. The long corridors of the palace are lined with marble and onyx of incalculable value. The palace is steam-heated and electric elevators are placed at frequent intervals. Bronzes, paintings, statuary, all imported and worth many millions of dollars, are scattered throughout the royal dwelling.

MAKING IT PAY

—OR—

The Boy Who Bought a Newspaper

BY WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

Tom got down several bits and stocks, and the man finally picked out some small, exceedingly sharp bits and a small stock.

"Got any small saws? I'm doing a job where I don't have much room to get around in, and I've got to have small tools, but the best. Give me a good heavy chisel, but not too big."

Tom knew most of the journeymen carpenters in town and all the bosses, but this man was a stranger and, he concluded, must have only lately come to the place.

The man picked out a number of fine tools, all of them small and easy to work with in contracted quarters, and Tom said:

"You must be working in a closet to want all these small tools?"

"Well, yes, it's a cabinet I'm building and takes good tools, because I haven't much time to do it in, and I've got to make my money quick or I don't get anything. Got any fine, sharp files?"

The man finally completed his purchases, among them being a bicycle lamp, had the articles packed in a small compass, paid the bill, which was considerable, and then took the package, saying:

"No, you needn't send it. I've got to work tonight. I'm down in the next town, but I can't get the fine tools there that I can here. Next time I want anything, I'll drop in."

"Thanks," said Tom, picking up the money and a memorandum, "glad to have you come in any time."

The man went out, and Tom took the money and slip to Mr. Brown.

"H'm! Pretty good sale for just before closing time, Tom. Who was he?"

"I don't know, sir; a stranger, I think. Anyhow, he knew all about good tools, and didn't mind paying good prices. I don't know what he wanted files and short-handled chisels and bits for to make a cabinet, but I suppose he knows his own business."

If Tom could have guessed Mr. Rusty's real business, much trouble would have been saved.

CHAPTER XV.

RUSTY DROPS OUT OF THE GAME.

Just after the robbery at the Norwood National Bank, many of the merchants on Shop Row had kept some one in their shops all night, besides hiring a special watchman outside.

As time went on and there were no more rob-

beries, the clerks were for the most part relieved of this extra duty and in some cases the special watchman was dismissed.

There were a few who still had some one sleep in the store every night, and one of these was Brown, the hardware man, although his next door neighbor, Towle, the jeweler, took no such precaution.

As the jeweler's was only next door, however, Brown said that if any of his clerks heard a noise there of a night they would give the alarm, and so Towle merely placed his watches and jewelry in an ordinary safe, left a light burning in the store and trusted to the vigilance of his neighbors.

Brown's clerks took turns in staying in the store, and this week it was Tom's turn to sleep there.

Thanksgiving was approaching, and Tom was glad to get the extra money which this extra work brought him, so that he might give it to his mother.

He went around to the store at about ten o'clock, let himself in and retired to a little room back of the shop, where he had a comfortable bed and all the conveniences he needed.

Brown's was on the same side of the street as the bank, but half a dozen stores farther on, and behind it ran the same little alley into which the burglars had made their way when escaping.

Towle's jewelry store was not as deep as Brown's, and Tom, looking out of the window of his room, could easily look into Towle's rear windows, which were barred, although the rear door had no such safeguard.

Tom had a pistol which he knew how to use, although he never supposed he would have to do so, being satisfied to shout for the police if any one got in the shop, but this night he looked at it and put it where he could reach it at a moment's notice.

"That fellow didn't look like a carpenter," he mused, as he was getting ready for bed, "and those weren't all carpenters' tools that he bought. Why, some of those bits were hard enough to drill through iron. What did he want a bicycle lamp for? He didn't say anything about riding a wheel, and he told me about everything else."

However, Tom was sleepy, and he soon dismissed the mysterious purchaser from his mind and fell asleep.

Most boys are sound sleepers, and Tom was no exception, but some time in the early morning he was awakened by hearing a peculiar sound which he at first took to be a rat gnawing at a partition.

"I never knew there were rats in this place," he muttered, sleepily. "There's nothing for rats in this place nor next door."

The noise continued and Tom thought it did not sound as much like rats as before, and was puzzled to tell what it was.

"Sounds like gnawing," he muttered, "and sounds like boring. Gee! I wonder if it could be? Yes, it is exactly like the sound a bit makes!"

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

FIND DIAMOND ON PAVEMENT.

Losing a diamond ring valued at \$120, which belonged to his wife, and finding it three days later ground into the pavement on Manito Boulevard, Spokane, Wash., where wagons had passed over it, was the experience of H. S. Wagner. He had the diamond reset and returned it to his wife. The ring was picked up by a friend who, with Mr. Wagner, was about to board a street car.

BASEBALL TRAVELS 25,000 MILES.

F. R. Pyle of Huntington, W. Va., has just learned what became of a baseball he mailed to C. L. Talbott, a civil engineer in South America. Talbott wrote and asked Pyle to send him a baseball, but a year ago Talbott returned to the United States and took Pyle to task for not sending the ball. Pyle has just received a letter from a South American postmaster declaring the package had gone all over South America, and the postmasters were unable to find the owner. It is estimated that the ball traveled over 25,000 miles. Pyle will ask its return and will keep it as a souvenir.

MAIL ORDER TAKES THIRTY YEARS.

Thirty years ago, in the fall of 1886, James C. Matthews, then of Tarboro, N. C., ordered two drum heads from a New York musical supply house. They have just arrived in Charleston, W. Va., by United States mail. They were encased in the original package, which was posted in New York shortly after the order was sent. At the time of mailing the order Matthews was a member of a minstrel company. The supplies did not reach him at Tarboro and were forwarded from time to time, but no one knows where they have been all this time.

SIGNALS FOR HUNTERS.

Signals for deer and other hunters who may be in trouble have been prepared by Thomas B. Wyman, Secretary of the Northern Forest Protective Association of the Upper Peninsula, Mich., and every hunter will be provided with them that necessary help may be rendered as soon as possible. Here are the signals: Help—Four shots in quick succession. Injured—Shot, pause, two shots, pause, shot. Lost—Three quick shots, pause, shot. Man found—One shot, pause, three quick shots. Call heard—Two quick shots, pause, two quick shots.

Large placards have been placed in the woods by Mr. Wyman to keep the signals ever before the minds of the hunters

GETS \$68 A WEEK WASHING.

Quitting her position as stenographer to go to the washtub, Miss Georgianna Cuthbert, of Norristown, Pa., is making \$68 a week, and she handles only five washes to do it, according to her testimony in the equity action in which she is defendant and Mrs. Marie Lusson, her neighbor plaintiff.

Miss Cuthbert informed Judge Swartz that one family alone paid her \$30, another \$12, two \$9 and a fifth \$8 a week. She gets the business, she says, because she does not use bleach or acids in cleansing them.

"None of the clothing I handle is soiled, only mussed," she said.

Mrs. Marie Lusson seeks to prevent Miss Cuthbert erecting a laundry in the rear of her lot in Ardmore, Pa. Mrs. Lusson says that a laundry there would be undesirable, unhealthy and in violation of building restrictions.

In the testimony experts said a laundry would be unobjectionable; that there would be no dirt, no noise, no smell, and, in fact, no reason why this woman should not be permitted to proceed with the laundry, which is to be a small one.

BIG ARCTIC GOLD AND OIL FIELDS.

Christian Leden, the Norwegian explorer and ethnologist, who has jumped from the snow huts of the Eskimos to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, brings back from the great Canadian barren grounds northwest of Hudson Bay, native tales of vast gold deposits and petroleum fields in unexplored regions north of the Arctic circle.

"I did not see the gold," he said. "Native friends of mine told me about it, but they didn't know it was gold. They were returning from a hunting trip of 700 or 800 miles with some specimens for me, but their dogs died and they had to throw what I believe to be gold away. They told me of a ledge where the metal dropped off in pieces, and from what they said I should judge the veins must have been very rich. One of them had a harpoon, the point of which was made of the yellow metal. They told me also of an Eskimo who used in his gun bullets that he had hammered out of gold."

As for the petroleum, Mr. Leden said the Eskimos objected seriously to the smell of the oil, although they were accustomed to strong odors. Eskimos, he explained, never take a bath. He declined to give any idea of the location of the gold deposits other than to say: "It would have taken me two years more to have gone where the gold is."

Mr. Leden traveled with tribes of Eskimos for three years, principally to study the native music, which has neither major nor minor.

TIMELY TOPICS

TURTLE HANGING ON CARP.

Wallace Amick of Scipio, Ind., captured a nine-pound carp and a good-sized turtle in a peculiar manner recently. When rowing in Sand Creek near there his attention was attracted by the flopping of a fish apparently grounded in shallow water. The fish was easily captured, being almost exhausted, and on drawing it from the water Amick found a turtle hanging to the fish. It had seized the fish near the base of the tail and retained its hold till it was killed.

SISTERS EARN \$2,400.

Four Westmoreland County, Pa., young women, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, of near Ruffsedale, have established a new agricultural record in the yield and profits to be derived from a two-acre plot of cabbage.

The Misses Smith, the eldest of whom is eighteen, now have a bank account of \$900 with accounts due from Pittsburgh commission men amounting to \$900, and a fourth of their cabbages yet remains to be cut and marketed. Buyers estimate the value of the entire field at about \$2,400.

Early this spring Smith turned the two-acre plot over to his daughters, telling them to make any use of it they desired. The girls, after closely scanning the market reports for weeks, decided to grow cabbages. They set about 18,000 plants.

When the time arrived to cut cabbage, the scarcity of the vegetable and sky-high sauerkraut quotations made the realization of \$2,400 for the two-acre plot merely a matter of patience and good salesmanship.

DEER ATTACKS POSTMAN.

Clark Smith, the oldest rural route agent attached to the Huntington, Pa., post-office, met with a spirited attack from a big buck deer while on his return trip a few evenings ago within three miles of that place.

A herd of six does, led by a large buck, had been feeding in a mountain meadow and were about to emerge into the open highway just as Smith was driving leisurely past.

His horse, a calico-colored broncho, seemed to have aroused the ire of the buck, which leaped a fence and attacked the broncho by rearing up and endeavoring to strike it with its forefeet. Mr. Smith used his whip vigorously on the deer. The broncho took fright and finally drew itself and driver to a safer locality.

A herd of ten deer, including one elk, has been seen by a farmer at the further end of Smith's route

DOGS BURIED SEVEN DAYS.

Entombed fifteen feet in the earth for 168 hours, and without food or water the entire seven days, two dogs belonging to two boys of Rosedale, Kan., dug themselves out and have returned to their home after being given up for dead.

The boys, with their dogs, were chasing rabbits about a bluff when they ran a "bunny" into a deep hole in the ground. The dogs followed the rabbit in and there was a cave-in. The boys came up and dug to rescue the dogs, but when they quit at nightfall they were still many feet away.

The next day, imagining the dogs had perished from suffocation, they were given up for dead. Six days later the boys were astonished to see one of the dogs appear at home, weak from lack of nourishment and scarcely able to walk. His nails literally were worn off from constant digging.

The boys then went to the cave-in and dug in the hope that they could save the other dog. After digging about two feet in the earth they heard moans and soon the other dog was rescued, after he had dug himself that close to liberty.

Neither of the dogs would eat at first and would only drink milk. Then they began to seek food and ate it ravenously.

SAVED ALIVE FROM THE JAWS OF A BEAR.

Ammon Harer, a farmer living near Liberty, Pa., saved the life of his brother Ellery (who lay prostrate under a wounded bear, which was tearing and chewing the man's arm) by striking the animal on the head with an ax.

The exciting battle occurred on the Harer farm recently. As Ellery Harer opened the kitchen door at his farm home to investigate a peculiar noise, he was confronted by a large black bear only a few feet from the doorstep. The farmer jumped back into the house and slammed the door almost in the face of the bear.

Armed with a gun containing one shell he partly opened the door and fired. The shot wounded the bear, which turned and disappeared down a gully below the house.

Harer, carrying his gun with five shells—all the ammunition in the house—and his brother, armed with an ax, followed. They soon overtook the bear. Harer pumped the remainder of the ammunition into bruin's body and the enraged animal turned on him.

Raising itself the animal struck Harer with a front paw, tearing the flesh off his arm. As the bear struck both fell, the man under the bear. The man was held a prisoner as the bear tore and bit at his bleeding arm, until his brother rushed to his rescue, and with a blow with the ax on the bear's head killed it.

SIMPLE SAM

THE POOR BOY

—OR—

Not So Green As He Looked

BY J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

"Yes, I heard that, too; but really I can't understand it. He must have marvelous control over his temper."

"He has, but I really don't know what he would do if he should get real mad. I think that he could, with his bare fist, kill the strongest man in the State by two or three blows. But he's kind to everything and to everybody. He wants to build a little barn and buy me a cow. He thinks that he could sell enough butter to pay for the cow's keep, but I've not yet given my consent. I don't own this place, and I don't care to spend any money to build a little barn or cowhouse on it. If it belonged to me I would do so quickly, but I have to work too hard for a living. If I didn't have to pay rent it would be easy enough for me. The present that your father made Sam I still have in the bank, but some day the time will come when my strength will fail me, and I'm keeping that money for that very purpose."

"Mrs. Bradbury, please tell me what the owner of this property asks for it."

"He says he will sell it for one thousand dollars but I really think it is too much."

"Yes, it is two or three hundred dollars too much. But I don't know of another place in the town where such a garden could be made as Sam has made here. It is the richest garden in the whole town, and it's amazing what a lot of vegetables Sam gets out of it."

By and by Sam ran in on them and gave his mother the money that the woman had paid for the work.

"What did she say about it, Sam?"

"Oh, she smiled and said that it had been finished half a day quicker than she expected, and that it really looked beautiful. I told her that the reason it had been finished so quickly was because I had been running the machine for you to-day myself, and she laughed as though she felt pleased."

Then he sat down by Lena's side and talked with her at least a couple of hours, and when the girl arose to leave he accompanied her up to the gate and said:

"Lena, I would walk home with you, but it would set all the tongues in the town to wagging, and your friends would begin teasing you. I'm no fool, notwithstanding they call me Simple Sam."

"No, you are not a fool, Sam, and it's a great wrong for people to call you so."

"Oh, well, I don't mind it. They'll find out better after a while."

"Yes, so they will, and I want to live to see the day. Good-by, now." And she put her hand in his, which he held for nearly half a minute, gazing at her face until she blushed rosy red.

Then he made a graceful bow and released it.

She went on without once turning to look back at him, and he stood there gazing after her until she disappeared out of view around the corner.

The next morning Sam went up on Main street again and a farmer met him and asked if he wanted to buy a pony.

"Well, that depends upon what you ask for it," he replied.

"Well, come around to the blacksmith shop and I'll show him to you."

He was really not a pony, but was rather small for a work horse.

He was in a bad condition, too.

"What's the matter with him?" Sam asked.

"There's nothing the matter with him. He is only four years old, and is good-natured, but I want to sell him because he isn't heavy enough for farm work."

"How does he work under the saddle?"

"Fine. Any little child can ride him."

"What makes him so thin?"

"Well, I haven't been feeding him well, because the other horses needed the provender, and I've let him pick his eating around wherever he could find it. He is not doing any work, and I didn't think he was entitled to be fed like the others."

"Have you got any children?" Sam asked.

"Yes, I've got five."

"Well, do you let the little ones go hungry because they are not big enough to work?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, that is the same principle. I'm glad that I am not a horse belonging to you. What do you want for him?"

"What will you give?" the farmer asked.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for him."

The farmer snorted and the pony snorted. Then Sam snorted.

"Give me twenty-five dollars for him and I'll let you have him. If he were fat he'd bring fifty dollars."

"Yes; but what will it cost to make him fat?"

"Why, he can be made fat in a month."

"You don't answer my question," said Sam. "What will it cost to make him fat? You've got to feed a poor horse well before you can fatten him. You've got to feed him a little better than you would feed a horse that is already in good condition. I'll give you twenty dollars for him, and not a cent more."

The farmer shook his head, but Sam could see that he was thinking, so he turned away as if to leave.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING ARTICLES

UNEARTHS OLD INDIAN TOWN.

Prof. W. B. Nickerson of Epworth, Iowa, who has been making extensive excavations on the site of an old Indian village near Cambria, Minn., and in some Indian mounds in the vicinity of Mankato, Minn., has just completed his work for the Minnesota Historical Society.

Prof. Nickerson found that the Indian village was situated on the bluff overlooking the Minnesota River Valley some 500 years ago and has unearthed much pottery, weapons, household tools and bones.

He is of the opinion that the Mandan Indians may have inhabited the locality, which might account for many evidences of some degree of civilization, as these Indians were lighter in color than others and are believed to have some white blood in their veins.

WOMAN BARBER POPULAR.

No loud wails because of the barbers' strike are heard in Hackensack, N. J., except the feeble complaints of boss barbers less enterprising than Louis Santruff.

When Louis opened his shop the other morning a young woman, stately, brunette and handsome, stood beside the second chair. She invited one of the waiting customers to take the chair, lathered and shaved him, hot-toweled and massaged him, talcumed and scented him, combed and brushed him, doing it all with fingers as gentle as they were deft.

News of Louis's woman barber spread like wildfire. It was the first barber of the other sex that Hackensack had ever seen; soon Louis's store was crowded with waiting customers, while his sidewalk was crowded with the curious, looking through the window.

SAVES CHILD FROM BEAR.

A little three-year-old boy running toward a big brown bear caused quick action on the part of William Peopmeller, a Chumstick rancher, the other day.

Mr. Peopmeller was loading a car of wood at the siding, and his little nephew was playing about the car when Mr. Peopmeller was attracted by his two dogs barking in the underbrush about 100 feet distant.

He observed the bear coming out of the canyon and also saw the child going to meet it. The child had not seen the animal, but was going over to where the dogs were. Mr. Peopmeller reached the child and, with it under his arm, ran a short distance to the house and got his rifle. He got a few shots at the animal before it again entered the brush but failed to hit it.

GIRLS TO LURE MEN TO ARMY.

The United States Army authorities at San Francisco, Cal., have advertised for women to aid in securing recruits for the army. The advertisement, inserted by Lieut.-Col. John H. Gardner, retired, who is in charge of the recruiting station there, called for "twelve girls for the United States Army."

The advertisement specified that they must be "attractive, intelligent and industrious"; held out the inducement that there was a chance to "make money and do your country a service," and concluded with the warning that "no triflers need apply."

Col. Gardner's plan is to secure a store on a prominent street and install therein an exhibit which will demonstrate the life of a soldier from camp cooking to infantry drill. The woman recruiters will work out of that station, and will be paid \$1 for every recruit they secure.

LIQUID-AIR BOMBS TOO DANGEROUS.

After a good deal of experimentation the French army has given up its attempts to use liquid air as a huge explosive in warfare, because of its extreme susceptibility to detonate from shock.

Tremendously successful experiments were made with this volatile agent at first; they were unsuccessful. For instance, bombs for bombarding aeroplanes were made with liquid air as the explosives which some judged to be one hundred times more powerful than bombs of a similar size employing picric acid or any of its prototypes. But it was soon learned that the sudden descent or even rapid swooping of an aeroplane carrying liquid air bombs might set off the dangerous cargo. It happened on one occasion; an aviator dipped suddenly and nothing was ever found of him or the machine.

They then dropped bombs from captive balloons. The effect of the explosion was marvelous. Instead of reducing the target to matchwood and wreckage, the detonation actually wiped out every vestige of the place where the huge, cumbersome target had been. It was estimated that the concussion of the explosion would have killed any living creature within 150 yards.

Shell charged with liquid air cannot, of course, be fired from any projectile; the shock of firing would detonate the explosive and wreck the gun. Attempts have been made to use liquid-air grenades and liquid-air bombs in trench mortars, which are fired by a spring, much as a catapult's missile is projected. But the extreme "touchiness" of the explosive has outweighed its wonderful detonating qualities. The Germans also have failed to utilize air thus far.

FROM ALL POINTS

\$300 IN WOODEN LEG.

On his way to Chicago to buy a mechanical leg to replace the wooden one that he was wearing, Isadore Jerry was brought into court in Milwaukee on a charge of being drunk, and was fined \$5 and costs. Since the left leg was cut off by a train four years ago, he had saved up for an artificial limb, he told the court. To prove it he unscrewed the bottom of his wooden stump and pulled from the hole \$300 in bills.

CUT OFF TOE TO CURE CORN.

Jones Forsell, a retired and wealthy farmer of Grandview, Wash., has a new corn remedy. He was troubled for years by the pain of a corn. He has a neighbor who is a carpenter. Recently he went over, borrowed a chisel and adjourned to his own back yard. Placing his toe on the chopping-block, setting the chisel between joints and firmly grasping a hammer in his right hand, he cured his corn. "I'm rid of that corn," he told his wife, "but I'm also minus a toe."

BOYCOTT BOARDING-HOUSES.

Because some boarding-house keepers of Lynn, Mass., announced an advance of fifty cents a week for twenty-one meals, both for men and women, with an increase of fifteen cents for Sunday dinners, union shoe workers are preparing to boycott those places. The men plan to eat in union restaurants and lunch carts, while the women workers will cook in their rooms.

When boarders appeared for their New England Sunday breakfast of baked beans and bacon and eggs they found typewritten notices at each plate which stated that "because of the high cost of food stuffs the price of board from this time until further notice is increased fifty cents. That applies to men and women."

The present rates are \$3.50 for women and \$4 for men. Scores of boarders refused to start a new week's bill.

INDIAN ON THE CENT.

In 1835 the Government of the United States made an offer of \$1,000 for the most acceptable design to be placed upon the new cent coin soon to be issued. Some Indian chiefs traveled from the Northwest to Washington to visit the Great Father. Andrew Jackson occupied the executive chair and Martin Van Buren was Vice-President. These Indians journeyed to Philadelphia to inspect the mint, whose chief engraver was James Barton Longacre, who invited them to his house, where, to celebrate the event, a distinguished company had assembled to welcome them.

The engraver's daughter, Sarah, aged ten, greatly enjoyed the visit of her father's guests, and during the evening, to please her, one of the chiefs took his feathered helmet and war-bonnet and placed it on her head. In the company was an artist, who immediately sketched her and handed the picture to her father. Mr. Longacre, knowing of the competition for a likeness to go upon the cent projected, under the inspiration of the hour, resolved to contend for the prize offered by the Government. To his delight the officials accepted it, and the face of his daughter appeared upon the coin, which was circulated about the nation for nearly a century. It is said that there were more than 100 competitors for the prize.

Savage and civilized life was thus intermingled in the American face and the Indian headgear, remarks the Pittsburgh Leader. The face of Sarah Longacre has gone into more hands, more pockets, more homes, more stores, more banks, more schools; yes, more churches, than any other coin in the United States, if not in the world.

SUBMARINES KNOWN IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

According to researches which have been made, by a French professor, it would appear that submarines have almost as hoary a past as aeroplanes, which, as is well known, involved ideas which are centuries old. It appears that submarines were built as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. The origin of the invention is older still. Aristotle tells how Alexander the Great made use of submarines during the siege of Tyre, more than three hundred years before Christ.

A Dutchman named Cornelius Van Drebbel astounded London in 1620 with a submarine that held twelve oarsmen and some passengers, among whom was King James I.

Previous to this, in 1534, a monk suggested the idea that a ship be constructed of metal so as to be water-tight and able to resist the pressure of water. A submarine was constructed according to the monk's idea and was shown to be practicable to a certain degree.

In 1537 a ship with twenty cannon, eighty sailors and many bags of money on board blew up and sank in the port of Dieppe. Three years later a Frenchman, Jean Barrie, called Pradine, built, according to the old monk's ideas, a submarine with which he promised to rescue the bags of gold and silver from the wreck, and possibly some pieces of artillery.

The great Pascal, then a little boy, was an eye-witness to the experiments of Pradine, which were carried on till 1650 with ultimate success.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1916.

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Good Current News Articles

Mr. H. C. Moffit of Whiteville, N. C., is showing his friends a potato of the Dixie yam variety that measures twenty-nine inches in length. It was grown on Mr. Moffit's farm near town.

Canceled checks representing \$7,000, said to have been paid to alleged members of the syndicate of handbook operators by a widow, were placed before Federal Judge Landis, at Chicago, Ill., in the course of his investigation into the betting ring case. A woman is said to have informed the court officials that she lost the sum indicated in the checks and \$23,000 more betting on horse races, and that she is now working for \$2 a day.

Among the most curious of trees is the gigantic zaobab, which flourishes in Central Africa, the trunk of which sometimes attains a diameter of forty feet, according to the Los Angeles Times. This trunk serves as a natural cistern, retaining rainwater in large quantities in a cavity formed at the top. The Arabs artificially hollow out the trunks of large baobabs and fill them with water during the prevalence of rain as a provision against the dry season. These cisterns are in many cases twenty feet in height and eight or ten feet in diameter.

The Rev. Benjamin Brunning, of Boone, Iowa, ninety-six years old, is the oldest minister in the United States in active charge of a pulpit for the Unitarian Church. The Rev. Mr. Brunning declares that he expects to be more than one hundred years old. Pressed for an answer as to his longevity recipe he said that to reach the longest age one should take things easy, not worry over world series, and to leave the girls, Kelly pool and cigarettes alone. The Rev. Mr. Brunning was accompanied at the conference by his son, N. B. Brunning, of Boone, seventy-one years old, whom his father declared he still was able to take into the woodshed "and tan his hide."

The Junior Hop Club of New Albany, Ind., has voted to offer a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who drugged punch served at the club's dance at Glenwood Park, causing acute suffering for a dozen or more young men and girls. The physicians believe that Croton oil, ipecac or lobelia was the drug that some miscreant or would-be joker dropped into the punch after it had been delivered at the park pavilion. It is certain that the symptoms of the sufferers, such as burning at the mouth and in the throat, extreme nausea and acute pains in the stomach, indicated the use of a powerful irritant, not necessarily fatal, unless swallowed in unusually large quantities.

Grins and Chuckles

Mistress—But, bless me, why are you leaving us, Mary? I'm sure I do all the work. The General Servant—Yes, ma'am, but I don't like the way you do it.

Mamma—I suppose you find Robbie a rather remarkable boy, don't you? Teacher—Yes. Mamma—In what special study? Teacher—In all. He never knows a lesson in any of them.

"My wife was arrested yesterday." "You surprise me. What was the trouble?" "She got off a trolley car the right way, and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But, here, I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up. Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.

"Which is the starboard side of a ship?" "Why, don't you know? That's the side where the star boarder has his room." "Then why do they call the other side the port side?" "Because that's where the porter sleeps."

"Heavens? Who's the girl that's trying to sing?" "That is my daughter." "Oh—um—if that fool of an accompanist would consent to stop thumping the piano as if it were some wild savage thing he wanted to kill, we might—ah, that's better. What a sweet, beautiful voice she has!" "Yes. That is her brother at the piano."

A lady at the tables at Monte Carlo could not make up her mind on which number to place her money. Seeing her hesitation, her neighbor said to her: "Do as I do, madam. Put your money on the number which corresponds to your age." The lady thereupon planted her louis on No. 22, and the winning number was 36. "Ah, madam," said her gallant neighbor, "if you had only followed my advice."

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

DROUGHT HELPS HONEY CROP.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of honey in one bee gum tree is the record of the George Reed bee farm in Salina County, Kan., where 4,000 pounds of honey will be gathered this year. Reed says the dry season is responsible, the alfalfa being in bloom constantly, and the bees were able to work without delay. Reed says this year is the best honey year he ever saw and all because of the prolonged drought.

BOY WEDS HIS TEACHER.

He is sixteen years and she is twenty-two. They are married and they are happy.

Two years ago Miss Sadie Patrick of Arlington, Tenn., came to Memphis and secured a position in the public schools. She had one pupil to whom she became greatly attached. He was James L. Yarbrough, at that time fourteen years old.

This fall James was in the fifth grade. Miss Patrick was again his teacher. School ran along smoothly for a month. Then the principal noted a marriage license had been issued to James L. Yarbrough and Miss Sadie Patrick.

He questioned teacher and pupil. They admitted they had been married. The school laws do not permit married women to teach, so Mr. and Mrs. Yarbrough are making their home with the elder Mr. and Mrs. Yarbrough.

WAR HITS SMOKERS.

The cost of smoking and chewing is advancing along with the cost of living, according to John F. Whelan, vice-president of the United Cigar Stores Company, and the situation will be worse after the first of the year. Except in the case of cigars, the advance will not be a direct raise in price, Mr. Whelan says, but will mean that the number of cigarettes to a package will be less, and that the size of plugs will be cut down.

The war is partly-responsible, according to Mr. Whelan. Other causes have been costly strikes, the fact that many cigar makers have gone to the munition factories, also that bands and label formerly made in Germany are now made here at increased cost, and that it costs more to make the boxes. Cigars now selling three and two for a quarter will probably be ten and fifteen cents straight after the first of January, Mr. Whelan says.

WOMAN HEADS MAJOR LEAGUE CLUB.

Mrs. Schuyler P. Britton was recently elected president of the St. Louis National League Baseball Club, to succeed her husband, whose resignation was accepted by the board of directors. Mrs. Britton is the first woman who has ever held the

presidency of a major league club. Schuyler P. Britton's resignation from his executive position is believed to have been the direct result of a suit for divorce filed by his wife. It is said Britton's resignation has been in the hands of his wife ever since he was elected to the office, several years ago.

While Mrs. Britton has always taken an active interest in the affairs of the Cardinals heretofore, she was content to remain behind the scenes, though she generally attended the annual meetings of the National League as a representative of the St. Louis club. Mrs. Britton came into baseball prominence together with the possession of the Cardinals several years ago, through the will of a late uncle, Stanley Robison. She was the first woman owner of a major league franchise.

Mrs. Britton announced at the conclusion of the meeting that Miller Huggins would be retained as manager of the club, but that there would be changes among the players.

LEA LION ANSWERS TO NAME.

At Avalon, Cal., one of the most interesting examples of tame wild animals is to be seen in the shape of a sea lion, which must weigh a quarter of a ton, if not more. This great creature I have seen on the main street of Avalon, surrounded by tourists, who were snapping kodaks at it and viewing the marine giant with open-eyed wonder, writes C. F. Holder in the September "St. Nicholas."

The sea lion, which the fishermen call Ben, is a wild animal that is the head of a rookery that has for years held ground at a point of rocks on the south end of the island. Every day these sea lions start out on a fishing trip and follow the island up the coast; but four or five of the largest, led by Ben, frequent the bay of Avalon and give daily exhibitions that amaze the many tourists who visit it.

To see a man step down onto a float and shout "Ben! Ben!" at the top of his voice, excites laughter and wonder. But in a few moments a big head appears, perhaps fifty feet from shore, then a huge animal, the size of a cow, comes up to the float and crawls upon it, or the beach, as the case may be. In summer there are too many people around and Ben will not crawl up into the street, but he will come out on the float or beach and take an albacore from the man's hand—really a remarkable exhibition.

I saw Ben on one occasion come up the beach and follow the man to the sea wall, then up a short, narrow stairway used by the bathers; then he was lured into the very street, where he stood, head in air, nose up, with a sleepy expression. When he received his fish he turned and waddled back to the water like a huge caterpillar.

THE LITTLE GEM TELEPHONE.



The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

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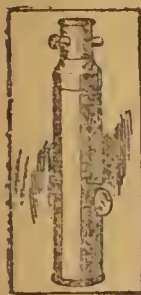
BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

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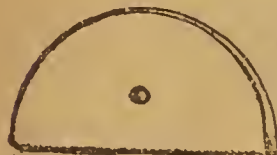
SURPRISE MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE.



It consists of a small nicked metal tube, 4 1/2 inches long, with a lens eye-view, which shows a pretty ballet girl or any other scene. Hand it to a friend who will be delighted with the first picture, tell him to turn the screw on the side of the instrument, to change the views, when a stream of water squirts in his face, much to his surprise. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, and one filling will suffice for four or five victims.

Price, 30c. each by mail, postpaid; 4 for \$1.00. Frank Smith, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

WHISTLEPHONE



This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, post-paid. C. Behr, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c., Postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.—From three cards held in the hand anyone is asked to mentally select one. All three cards are placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card has mysteriously vanished. A great climax; highly recommended. Price, 10c.

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Easily Conquered in 3 Days

Picture No. 1—Shows how tobacco has nearly wrecked a man's career. He has become nervous, dyspeptic and irritable; he cannot sleep well, has lost his energy and ambition. No. 2—The doctor says: "I'm giving you this medicine but it will do very little good, unless you stop killing yourself with tobacco." No. 3—Still a slave; another collapse. No. 4—Wife reads advertisement of Mr. Woods. No. 5—Writes for Woods' FREE BOOK. No. 6—Being convinced by multitude of proofs, he has ordered remedy which is in box postman is now delivering. No. 7—Has begun to overcome tobacco craving. Already is feeling much better; vigor and ambition returning. No. 8—Surprising improvement; all craving gone, filled with new courage and backed by good health. No. 9—Beginning anew. No. 10—Succeeding in business. No. 11—No trouble to resist temptation of tobacco in any form. No. 12—By clear-headedness, good health and energy, he has now become prosperous.

Would You Like to Quit Tobacco Quickly and Easily and Enjoy Yourself a Thousand Times Better While in Robust Health?

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

Why continue to commit slow suicide when you can live a really contented life, if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid oneself of tobacco by suddenly stopping with "will-power"—don't do it. The correct way is to eliminate nicotine poison from the system, and genuinely overcome the craving.

Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, melancholy, lung trouble, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders.

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive FREE a carefully compiled treatise on the subject, containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to learn about. This book tells all about the renowned **THREE DAYS' METHOD** by which thousands and thousands saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit. Full particulars, including the book on tobacco and snuff habit, will be mailed FREE TO YOU, in plain wrapper, postpaid. All you need do is merely REQUEST IT. A postcard will do. Address

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A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase.

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The most remarkable trick-cigar in the world. It smokes without tobacco, and never gets smaller. Anyone can have a world of fun with it, especially if you smoke it in the presence of a person who dislikes the odor of tobacco. It looks exactly like a fine perfect, and the smoke is so real that it is bound to deceive the closest observer.

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The Bottle Imp.—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement, and is of convenient size to carry about.

Price, 10c. H. F. Lang, 1815 Centre St., New York City.

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"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Recommended very highly. Price, 10c.

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